

THE ISRAELI
INVASION
OF LEBANON

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

JUNE 14, 1982

SPECIAL REPORT

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A summit under siege



Why the leaders
failed to agree

How Canada lost out

The high price
of security



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE **Maclean's**

JUNE 14, 1982 VOL. 55 NO. 24

COVER

Summit under siege

As the leaders of the world's richest nations flee home from an extravagant \$14-million economic summit, they could offer only feeble hope to their millions of unemployed and to the increasingly poverty-stricken Third World. For Canada, which was relying on the summit to bring down interest rates, the defeat was humiliating. —Page 44

COURTESY PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



Testing their wings

Toronto's Blue Jays won five of six games against two of baseball's top teams last week. After six years, they may finally be taking flight for the first time. —Page 39



Canadian rock rolls south

Led by Vancouver's Loverboy, Canadian rock musicians are riding an unprecedented wave of success south of the 49th parallel with gold and platinum sales. —Page 46



Infiltrating Parliament

Quebec Environment Minister Marcel Lévesque is claiming success in his campaign to draw up support for the creation of a federal wing of the Parti Québécois. —Page 10



A boy and his alien

In *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*, the story of a boy who befriends an alien, director Steven Spielberg succeeds in to Disney-like sentiment and artifice. —Page 49

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Evocative design

I am 78 years old, have worked in many large U.S. cities, travelled in many countries and have seen many magazine covers. Yours of May 17 (*The Price of Honor*) is, in my estimation, the most clearly descriptive I have ever seen of any country, anywhere, at any time. Whoever conceived it has my greatest admiration!

—JOHN D. JORDAN,
Tacoma, Wash.

Who's side are you on? Is it subtle consent or Maclean's ignorance that shows the British flag upside-down in the international signal of distress on your cover of May 17? The correct position of the Union Jack is to have the wide white band at the top next to the staff.

—ANDY CURRIE,
Delta, BC

Down the hatch

Regarding your article *A Slip Over Distraction* (Behavior, May 21): I find trepanning therapy (TCT) is so safe, why do so many U.S. stock doctors pay more for malpractice insurance than their non-stock peers? When I want to tell brain cells I'd rather use notes!

—WAYNE ARMITAGE,
Winnipeg

A little switch

Thank you for the coverage that you have given the Consensus case (Shareholders' Action for Consensus, Canada, May 21). I would, however, like to make one small correction. Kerry Hawkins is the chairman of the Shipyard and Exporters' Association of the Winnipeg Community Exchange. I am the chair-



Revealing a chilling conflict: ignorant?

man of a committee of that association which was formed specifically for the purpose of dealing with Consensus.

—C. R. DWARZE,
President, Northern Sales Co. Ltd.,
Winnipeg

Support your local hero player

It was a true delight to read the article *Discovering Jazz in the Teenage Soul* (This Canada, May 21). I am not hip to dry ice, impregnating, safety pins and heavy metal, but I am hip to music that has meaning, is demanding to play and is intelligent and innovative. Let's support these young people.

—DICKIE MACYNE,
Toronto

From bad to worse?

Most Canadians are likely to agree with Erik Nielsen when he says we have "the most incompetent, most irrelevant, most dangerous government in the history of the country" (Clark's Chance to Fight Another Day, Canada, May 24). What he and other Conservatives don't yet seem to appreciate is that most Canadians are not convinced that the Conservative under Clark would not set new precedents.

—EVERETT J. MAERWOOD,
Calgary

The loyal continuum

In your May 24 cover story, *Ontario's Finest Problem*, Hugh Segal is quoted as saying that bureaucrats should be strictly political. Wrong! Bureaucrats provide the only continuity as governments come and go. They should be loyal to Canada and the Canadian people.

—ALICIA MARIA RIZZO,
Edmonton

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply home address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's, 1212 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1A7.

PASSAGES

DECEASED: Albert Norden, 77, Kurt Gergan's first Communist propaganda chief, in East Berlin, after a long illness. Born to a rich family, Norden joined the Communist party in the 1930s but was forced to flee the Nazis in 1939. He spent the war years in the United States returning to Soviet-occupied Germany in 1946. As chief propagandist he took a hard-line approach, steadfastly defending his party and officially calling the infamous Berlin Wall the "anti-fascist protection wall."

APPOINTMENT: Japanese conductor Kazuhiro Katsumi, 33, as music director of the 67-member Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. Katsumi established an international reputation after winning the Herbert von Karajan conductor's competition 18 years ago. He will assume his new duties during the 1993-94 season.

RETIRED: Frank Roberts, 50, from the position of chairman, president and chief executive officer of Via Rail Canada Inc., effective Oct. 25. After five years as head of the federal rail agency, Roberts said his most important accomplishment is a five-year plan that will be submitted to the government on July 1. If it is accepted, Roberts maintains, the future of passenger trains in Canada will be assured.

SENTENCED: Harold Runfield Smith, 38, former powerful boxing promoter and founder of Midwestern All Professional Sports Inc., to 18 years in prison for 29 counts of fraud and embezzlement of \$2.1 million from Wells Fargo National Bank. Smith was sentenced in Los Angeles by Federal District Judge Gordon Marshall after he delivered an impassioned plea for his freedom.

RECEIVED: The Detroit Red Wings hockey club, by game-day owner Mike Ilitch, for \$16 million from Bruce Norris, whose family has owned the team since 1932. The Red Wings club has lost nearly \$12 million in the past five years and this year reported the second-worst record in the National Hockey League. Undaunted, Ilitch (who hopes to own a profit selling pins in the stands starting next year) says: "It's the best franchise in the NHL. A sleeping giant."

SENTENCED: Stephen Childs, 22, to a total of 25 years in prison for the kidnapping of New Brunswick news anchor Irving and other crimes. In late April Childs abducted Irving, son of multinational R.C. Irving, and businessman \$600,000 in ransom but was arrested before any money was paid.

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Setting the record straight

Please tell Mr. Featheringham that publishers do not hire little girls as book representatives (*The Man Who Dropped the Bomb*, Collins, May 28). He may characterize them as young, female, stupid or immature, if that's how they appear to him—but the kind of gross allusion in parts of his style, and I wouldn't change it for the world. But publishers do not hire little girls.

—CYNTHIA KROGER
Toronto

Tory attacks new evidence

I write to you in protest against the anti-Tory stand taken by Roderick McQueen in his column of May 5. Tony Denon and Tony Perry. It is, of course, understandable that politicians may have a political stance. Usually they are honest enough to declare their position in support of a political party. So far as I am aware, Macdon's has never publicly declared itself in this regard. My chief objection is that Mr. McQueen has written his recent column using the same tired old unbollocks and the same rusty old clichés that have already been beaten around in your magazine and, I must admit, in many other Canadian publications. Surely if Mr. McQueen wants to attack the Tory party, he could think of some new evidence that demonstrates how bad it has been in the past and is at the present and probably will be in the future.

—A. BORTOLUCCI
Vancouver

Unbelievable torture

It was with dismay, incredulity and anger that I read that the British treat their manure in the most precious of "low ways to tear off human ears" (*The Battle for the Falklands*, Cerver, May 18). What an unbelievable form of torture in this day and age by a nation that professes kindness and sympathy toward kindred human! —CLAYTON KAYATA, Prince Albert, Sask.

Brilliance isn't everything

As a longtime reader, I was disgusted by your article on Lise Boncompagni (*First View in Quebec*, Profile, May 17). Do you honestly believe that your readers want the lifestyle of this woman spelled out for them? She may be "a brilliant and influential woman," but I would not, like my daughter, be influenced by her. How commendable that her lover goes home to his wife and family each night! As for her attributing her achievement to being unhampered by being a "married wife with children," what a self-congratulatory act the sacrament of marriage!

—MARCO RABE
Ottawa

PODIUM

A not-so-fine kettle of fish

By Allan H. Meadows

A few years ago Peter Larkin, an overseas fisheries consultant from the University of British Columbia, gloomily summed up the future of trotter fishermen. "Commercial trolling," he said, "will be reduced to the status of a very few rugged individuals who will be ferociously lashed by the *National Geographic* as relics of the past." Sadly, Larkin's predictions may be fast slower than he expected, for time is fast running out for the independent small-boat fishermen as the West Coast.

As the 1982 salmon fishing season gets up in British Columbia, the outlook is bleak. Prices paid to fishermen have been rolled back to 1978 levels in an industry best described as a Canadian backwater. I and my fellow fishermen find ourselves in an industry that is now beyond recovery and in a full-fledged depression. Half the 2,000 trollers (owner-operated boats of 10 to 18 ft) that fish for salmon by hook and line up to 60 km offshore are up for sale, with no buyers in sight. The banks have already foreclosed on about 100 of them.

For my part, even though my boat is paid off, I am fearful that, as an independent, I have no future in this industry. I'm frustrated and mad at the selfish arbitrary way covered the head that the supposed managers of this resource show for my need to be able to make a living. Though last year I grossed about \$42,000 from fishing, by the time my expenses—fuel, crew, maintenance—were accounted for, I was left with \$16,000. Each year the reward is less, while frustration increases.

For the past 15 years, government response to dwindling stocks of fish and increasing economic distress has, for the most part, been so costly to the industry to death. A former limitation scheme introduced in 1973 failed to accomplish its stated objective of limiting fleet expansion. In effect, the limiting of licensed salmon vessels added fishery income to the commodities market. It was new wealth at the stroke of the politicians' pens. Speculators had a field day, and fish-boat values soared almost overnight. Nauseous taxpayers in the scheme were used to build larger vessels or to create additional licenses. Rather than bring reduced, the fleet grew, and catching capability multiplied.

In 1976 government responded with a

highly touted plan to spend \$90 million in 1978 in B.C. as an industry enhancement to bring stocks back to historic levels. Speculation got another shot in the arm. Up to the end of 1981, approximately \$90 million has been spent, and salmon stocks, particularly coho and chinook, are still declining. The long-term effects of this fisheries mismanagement and counterproductive provincial-federal jurisdictional conflicts has increased mismanagement and ensured a legacy of bitterness and cynicism among B.C. fishermen, some of whom sleep agons of tarring valises.

The latest government proposal takes the form of commissions of inquiry on the West Coast by economist Peter Pearce. Pearce's midterm preliminary report, released last October, clearly marks the trailer free for phase out and destruction. His proposals would ensure, through time, that fishing—both

Bureaucrats and their ilk are telling me that I have no right to make my living as a small, independent fisherman

commercial and sport—would become the privileged domain of the corporately or politically powerful. As Larkin predicted, "[The remaining] commercial operation will be superbly technologically and extraordinarily efficient."

Then bureaucrats and their ilk are telling me I have no right to exist, no right to make my living as a small independent in the fishing industry. I've told that fishing for salmon are at a time by hook and line is obsolete and inefficient. I mean, it is so inefficient that government to manage from the end of a computer terminal. Thus in spite of producing a quality product for which greater market demand is perhaps greater than by fishery products.

Each by mistake since I'm being paid out of business. If it is a mistake of "efficiency," then obviously I need to own a big boat. To sell my soul to the bank and have my loans outgassed by a large processor, who, along with a big nose representing my crew, will then tell me how to run my big boat. Maybe it would be more efficient for me to collect unemployment insurance—the stereotypical fisherman's way of life in the

kind of misery. Finally, the fed up with this paper shoddy, I sell the fish and the small fishermen lose. I have only contempt for the blind worship of the "efficiency study," "cost-benefit ratio," "robust of efficiency," etc. As E.F. Schumacher wrote in *Small is Beautiful: A Study of Economics as if People Had Common Sense*, "Scientific or technological solutions which...degrade the social structure and man himself are of no benefit, no matter how brilliantly conceived or how great their superficial attraction. Even bigger concentrations of economic power...do not represent progress, they are a denial of wisdom."

The nuclear-age technocrat obviously would despise Schumacher as a slogan dreamer. But in doing so, the way of life people desire is also dismantled. We independent fishermen are a fiercely self-reliant element. We won't meekly roll over and die. Last season I watched as damaged trawler men blockaded Victoria harbor. Then Prince Rupert harbor was blockaded in June, and a fisheries patrol vessel was shot up in August. All feelings, blood and digressions aside, but unfortunately barbarians of potentially greater violence.

A look at the past few years in Canada's Pacific fisheries shows small-boat owners and the people who live and work in the supports having the production foundations upon which they depend eroded, at times even squandered by bureaucratic indifference. It is true that violence is never justified and is usually avoidable, but monstrous indignities aside, it is also true. Take away both a person's livelihood and his savings and you will get reaction, some of it violent. Don't tell me talking about it is like pouring gasoline on the flames. What then is the price of silence?

The warning sounded by Martin Niemöller, a Protestant theologian who went to the concentration camps of Nazi Germany, bears remembering. "In Germany, the Nazis came for the Communists. I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews...then the trade unionists...then for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up. Then they came for me. By that time there was no one to speak up for anyone." If I'm considered obsolete because I fish for a living with my own boat, then God save us from technology and grand design.

Allan H. Meadows is a fisherman living in Victoria, B.C.



View from the Democratic sidelines

Zbigniew Brzezinski, who served under U.S. President Jimmy Carter as assistant for national security affairs, was one of the few neo-Georgians to be admitted to White House inner circles. Brzezinski, who now divides his time between the Columbia University Research Institute on International Change in New York and Washington's Georgetown University, spoke with *Maclean's* contributor Peter Sika Christopher in New York.

Maclean's: How do you rate the Reagan administration's performance in relation to the Soviet Union—the notorious taking of a hard line and emphasis on the human threat?

Brzezinski: I have tried for the past year or so to avoid being partisan. So let me put my answer in a slightly broader historical perspective. When President Carter and the rest of us took office, we moved within a few weeks on a massively broad front in the area of foreign policy. In contrast, the Reagan administration has not moved at all but has adopted an essentially passive and reactive stance, while at the same time engaging in very strong anti-Soviet rhetoric. I don't believe that rhetoric has, in fact, been followed by any serious effort to enhance American national defense. The most important step taken in recent years to close this so-called window of vulnerability was Carter's decision to deploy the strategic defense system, in effect, meant. That decision was, in effect, miscalculated. The grain of the Soviet Union was filled. Therefore a gap between our rhetoric and our actions in developing, which ultimately could be quite dangerous because it undermines American credibility and it could tempt some post-Brezhnev Soviet leader to engage in some adventure which, in effect, would be a miscalculation.

Maclean's: While in some quarters the Carter administration's foreign policy was faulted for being excessively realistic or passive, the Reagan administration is now being faulted

for lacking deft policy. Do you feel there is now any internal architecture to U.S. foreign policy?

Brzezinski: Both criticisms, to an extent, are justified. The present administration doesn't have a structural system for making foreign policy. There are just too many people involved in it, including too many domestic advisers. No one is clearly in charge. Even though Secretary of State Haig was vice-president, he's continuously having to fight a rear-end action against domestic efforts to undermine him. There hasn't been a single major statement of what my foreign policy is since the administration took office.

Maclean's: The Carter administration made a great point of human rights as a cornerstone in foreign policy. The Reagan administration has usually tried to downplay human rights. Do you think that order position has made any difference in our foreign policy?

Brzezinski: I think our human rights policy has made a difference, there's no doubt of that. It improved America's standing around the world. It put the Democratic system very much on the defensive, and a very important play in a very tangible sense, it resulted in the liberation of thousands of people in many countries and the signing of some laws.

Maclean's: Some critics of the Carter human rights policy say that it led rather directly to the downfall of the Shah of Iran.

Brzezinski: I don't believe that because, in fact, the revolution in Iran was the product of the country's extremely rapid modernization without the creation of any concomitant political structure. It is absurd and *quod id*. The Shah, in the critical phase of the conflict, did not prove himself to be a strong person. We could not save him from himself, at that stage he had to save himself. We gave him enough encouragement to take the actions that were needed. He didn't take them because he wanted the direct order from us, and that, I think,

was a mistake of his vacillation.

Maclean's: Was that the low point of your four years as a national security adviser?

Brzezinski: Yes, definitely! Because I felt very strongly, and I made no secret about it, that we should have been prepared to compensate for his weakness. But this was not the view that was predominant in the U.S. government, in part because of the legacy of the American involvement in the fall of Allende in Chile and, therefore, the unwillingness to assume responsibility for what usually follows when someone of that sort is taken.

Maclean's: Phase 2 of the Camp David agreement is now completed. Yet the obvious intent of Camp David was to go from that first agreement into a wider peace involving perhaps Jordan and more moderate Arab nations. Do you think this is going to happen?

Brzezinski: It has to happen, and I am confident that existing difficulties will be overcome. I think it's a tragedy that the present Israeli government, in my view, is engaging in a policy of suppression of the 3.5 million Palestinian who are currently and inevitably only temporarily under Israeli occupation. I think this policy is really intensifying hostility and is going to make resolution of the issue more difficult.

Maclean's: Do you feel that Egypt's President Hosni Mubarak is going to be able to move as people assumed Anwar Sadat would, or do you think he's going to feel more pressure to draw back toward the Arab position?

Brzezinski: He's going to move more carefully because he's a more prudent man. He is not going to engage in grand gestures, which was peculiar to Sadat's historical romanticism, but I think he's going to be a very effective leader. I know him well personally and I respect him and like him a great deal.

Maclean's: Do you feel Menachem Begin, now, is a real obstacle to peace?

Brzezinski: I don't see him as personifying the problem. He's the prime minister of Israel, and one has to deal with him. It's his credit that he was willing to initiate the process that led to the Sinai agreement and to discussion on Palestinian autonomy. Now I think our collective agenda is to make sure, just as we did in the Sinai, that the result is genuine and complete autonomy for the Palestinians, which will create the preconditions for granting them political dignity while at the same time ensuring Israel's security. ☐

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New ruler on the epicurean range

By Marci McDonald

To a gourmet observer, incoherent of gastronomic chef, everything appeared as usual at the Restaurant Paul Bocuse. The dining room's most celebrated three-star chef drifted as elegantly as ever at anchor on the banks of the Imposante Saône. In suburban Lyons, beside the pristine loess and perennial floral extravaganzas, the menu still boasted his trademark truffe oie.

But, mingled with the heady aromas of foin gras and pâté brisée across the distinct odor of a counter-revolution brewing.

Looking among the tables, two items glared up from four more pages, pocket-sized and Monoposte de voies. In a country where nothing is quite as sacred as dinner—except, of course, lunch—these old distillates of traditional cookery are stirring up a tempest in the national stewpot. That is not surprising. With a flourish of well-published provocation, Paul Bocuse, the man of perpetually thriving age who revolutionized 20th-century cooking with his credo of nouvelle cuisine, is suddenly reexamining the faith and calling for a return to the ancient culinary gospel.

An kn critic are quick to point out, no one is more likely to benefit from his rallying cry for a return to simpler regional cooking than Paul Bocuse, who has just published a notebook of simpler regional recipes. But if his re-evaluation of nouvelle cuisine has characteristically created the most stir, he is not the only one among its apostles to have taken his distance from the lighter, automatically inventive cookery he once preached.

The first chef to beat a public retreat from nouvelle fare was Michel Guérard. Guérard had earlier diffused its penchant for doing away with cream in sauces into a complex diet regime he dubbed *Cuisine Minusce*. Last year, after shuttering his three-star oasis in the southwestern spa of Euzenat-Les-Bains for the winter, he set out with his wife, Charlotte, on a gastronomic tour of



Bocuse in his three-star kitchen: a lampoon in the national stewpot

France. Dropping in on fellow chefs around the country, he was horrified to realize that, "We'd eaten the same dishes almost everywhere. Everywhere the same menu, the same tastes, the same raw duck's breast with a sauce of green peapoppers. I got fed up with the sameness." When he confided to a food writer that cooking was threatened to become what it had been before he and the Bocuse brigade hatched nouvelle cuisine—that is, harpogoned to a new boredom—some of his fellow sommelier customers came in a quick boil. "They accused me of spitting in the soup of nouvelle cuisine," he said. "But what I wanted to show was that this new cuisine, which was meant to bring a breath of fresh air to cooking, now relied becoming claustrophobic."

Guérard has since replaced his initial public reconnaissance with a businessmen's pragmatic reassessment. And other chefs have followed suit with a speed that betrays the particular French terror of being caught one step behind fashion. Just as, a decade ago, a new generation of young French chefs

spontaneously rebelled against the overcooked, overseasoned and ultra-caloric heavy cuisine. Bocuse was their star and spokesman, even settling on the merits of green beans undercooked to insignificance, fish steamed to springiness and duck's breast as rosy as rare beef. Shortly a week passed when they did not come up with some new culinary breakthrough served on engraved plates and color coordinated with the precision of an haute-cuisine collection.

When former president Valéry Giscard d'Estaing officially designated nouvelle cuisine in 1976 by granting the Legion d'Honneur to Bocuse, it was as if some international egg timer had suddenly gone off: nouvelle cuisine invaded kitchens from New York to Tokyo. Suddenly diners around the world found themselves awash in undercooked string beans, bloody duckling and liver run amok.

New nouvelle cuisine seems to have fallen victim to its own apostasy—a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Raged Guérard: "Anyone who spent a week chez Bocuse or Guérard can open a restaurant now. Nobody asks them if they were in the kitchen or not when they were in the kitchen. It has become full of imposters and imitators."

Bocuse blanches at the mentioned noisiness into which nouvelle cuisine's hangover has descended. "Someone in New York the other day asked me what they called a nouvelle cuisine party," he says. "It was like apples in a plate. Here you find rock bass in raspberry sauce and Camembert sherbet. All the vegetables have suddenly become poached. It's a pretty punner's palette, but one would think the French had no teeth left."

Guérard puts the

Guérard: a public retreat



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blaise, in part, on all the TV cooking classes and recipe books that the nouvelle cooks have churned out, unfree the preceding generation of chefs who jealously guarded their secrets. But the blame—never one to take a swipe at his own success, which includes marketing his own line of Desjardins, Michel Lacombe and Lyonnais sausages—credits sheep moments with scoring things. "This nouvelle cuisine is heavily expensive," he points out. Walking away still hungry from a five-course spectacular of bite-sized works of art only to be handed a \$100-a-head bill has eased more than one would-be gourmet's brand of nouvelle indignation.

Certainly the recession may explain the growing appetite for culinary conservatism. A poll published last fall by the monthly *Gourmet* of Paris de France reported that 52 per cent of Frenchmen now prefer entertaining dinner guests at home in dining at a restaurant. And that is an astonishing admission in a country in which couples can eat out together for 20 years without ever plumping one another's dining room tables. Part of the explanation for the change lies in François Mitterrand's Socialist government's tax reforms, which have reduced the desirability—and desirability—of expensive dining. At the same time, in a period of budget-tightening, gourmands can no longer afford a regular diet of nouvelle cuisine that is larded with the priciest ingredients. As Bocuse admits, explaining his own steel-face: "My restaurant is like a sailboat. I have to keep the wind in its sails. If we want to fill our tables, we must respond to the customers' demands and go with the current."

Some critics, such as *Le Monde's* La Reynière, dismiss the fuss as just one more elaborate in what he regards as the colossal publicity stunt that created nouvelle cuisine. Others, such as Gault et Millau, authors of the *Nouveau Guide* to nouvelle cuisine, where 21 million-a-year restaurant-guide empire is threatened, have pointed out that there is no turning back. "No one wants to return to the heavy cooking of 25 years ago," argues Christine Milau. "We eat very differently today, and it's better suited to our lifestyles."

For some young chefs the solution lies not on the stove but in semantics. These days one may call his cooking "neoclassic," while another will label his "cuisine moderne." The latter and the deep-fried rose petals may have disappeared, but their substitutes nevertheless bear a startling resemblance to the cooking that still very recently was known as nouvelle. Now, perplexed French diners cannot be blamed for perceiving a slingshot from another sort of revolution. NOUVEAU CUISINE IS DEAD. LONG LIVE NOUVEAU CUISINE. ☐

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(Clockwise from left) Betty Brown/Photo, Barbara Green/Photo, Susan Boyd/Photo, Nancy Elmer/Photo, Nancy Elmer/Photo, Nancy Elmer/Photo

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FOLLOW-UP

Deducting for peace

A TV camera whirled, Edith Adamson dropped her completed 1991 tax return into a mailbox this spring with a hope, a prayer and two enclosed cheques. The first, representing 80.6 per cent of taxes due, was addressed to the Minister General of Canada. The second, for the remaining amount, was made out to the Peace Tax Fund.

For the past three years, Adamson, a 60-year-old Quaker who lives in Victoria, and 2,500 supporters across Canada have been urging the federal government to set up a fund into which conscientious objectors could channel the portion of their taxes that would otherwise have been spent on defence (Macdon's, Dec. 10, 1979). The proceeds of the fund, to be administered by a government agency, would go to peace-oriented programs. But, having failed in persuasion by letters, Adamson has now decided to try the law.

Adamson, who is re-signator of the Victoria-based Peace Tax Fund Committee, intends to take up the legal battle on behalf of anyone who cares to join her. So far, despite a mailing drive of 5,000 letters, only 12 people have actually agreed to turn over 50.6 per cent of their taxes to the fund. (The recommended deduction is based on the committee's estimate that Canada spent about \$6 billion, or 33.3 per cent, of its 1991 budget on defence.) Cheques made out to the fund are deposited in a trust account until the case is decided and will be returned if Ottawa wins.

The venture may seem quixotic, but Adamson is dead serious about pursuing the case to the Supreme Court of Canada if necessary, at a projected cost of \$50,000, which she hopes to raise through donations. She will base her case on a clause in the new Charter of Rights and Freedoms that guarantees freedom of conscience. Tax officials, however, say that the only way the scheme can succeed is through an act of Parliament, a remote possibility.

Even if Adamson loses her case, she will at least have publicized her point that conventional forms of protest are inadequate in the nuclear age. As she puts it: "In a nuclear war there is no defence. No one has to fight or go against their conscience in a war, but how can you be a conscientious objector when you're dead?"

—PETER CARLYLE GORDON

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The PQ's plan to infiltrate Ottawa

By Anne Byrne

Licking his palette in that of Irish nationalist Bernadette Devlin who took a seat in the British Parliament at Westminster "to sensitize the world to the Irish question," Quebec's Environment Minister Marcel Lévesque has been criticizing the province's drumming up support for his plan to create a federal fishery in the St. Lawrence. Last week he claimed to have the backing of a majority of PQ riding associations that are meeting June 12 and 13 in Hull to discuss entering the federal arena. Now Lévesque says that private party polls assure him "we can win a minimum of 12 seats and a maximum of 40 in the next federal election." The environment minister even claims that he is willing to run himself! But separating back-liners from those that the party would be dividing its forces while beginning Confederation of its members were elected federally. Others say that the plan is a desperate move to divert the PQ of any responsibility in what Lévesque himself describes as a "catastrophic economic and constitutional situation. The federal minister of consumer and corporate affairs, André Gauthier, who is also the Liberal party's chief spokesman in Quebec, says: "They are bluffing to avoid facing their problems provincially. They are running more risk to themselves than to us." Still, a successful PQ challenge would undermine the federal Liberals' traditional Quebec power base.

Throughout most of this century the Liberals have been able to count on a virtually total block of seats from Quebec to propel them into majority government. Quebec is currently represented in the Commons by 14 Liberals and René Lévesque (ex-Joliette) Lévesque says that power has been presented in its truest reflection of the Quebec electorate in the past 50 years. "The false image of Mr. Trudeau's strength in Que-

bec was created by the weakness of his adversaries here," says Lévesque. "Only the PQ is strong enough to oppose him." Lévesque also sees a beneficial fallout for the rest of Canada if the PQ does win Liberal seats. "English Canadians," he contends, "would have a chance to get the [Conservative] government for which most of them vote." It is significant, however, that parts of English Canada might be less appreciative of PQ intervention if a discouraged Pierre Trudeau is to stay on as Liberal leader to once again fight the separatist threat. But serving the rest of Canada is not the PQ's motive. PQ MPs would go to Ottawa for the sole purpose of furthering the cause of sovereignty, giving Canada what Lévesque calls "a much course in political realism" by constantly picking away at the government, highlighting every proposal that the PQ considered to be against the interests of Quebec.

The timing of an election would be totally important. The next federal election is expected in 1984, while the next Quebec election—which the PQ plans to fight on the issue of sovereignty—

would come 14 months later. If the PQ MPs were elected to the House of Commons, they would be expected to make the most of the interval. Twelve months would give the PQ official recognition as a party under Conservative rules, ensuring the separation of research staff and money and the right to take the floor each day during Question Period. The PQ MPs would follow the provincial party line and accept René Lévesque as their leader. Says Lévesque: "They [PQ MPs] would do all they could to stop the passage of any federal project which is contrary to the interests of Quebecers." The Lévesque plan would also allow PQ MPs to support projects that would be productive for the rest of Canada as long as they were not harmful to the PQ's interpretation of what was good for Quebec. Adds Lévesque: "After all, we do have to think of the future and of the [post-independence] association that we want with the rest of Canada." If the PQ went on to win the provincial election on sovereignty, their Ottawa representation would negotiate the transfer of powers, then they.

One of the dangers of Lévesque's plan is that it just might work too well. A lively and viable Quebec separatist voice could win a Commons majority (even the government) to grant concessions. Federalists might appear to be working and sovereignty would be deemed unnecessary. That is a possibility that Lévesque is willing to accept. "If we lose the election on sovereignty," he says, "then the site can just stay in Ottawa until the next time the question of independence comes up." In effect, the PQ could be reduced to the status of a ramp voice in Parliament—the Cribbites of the 1960s. In the end they might end up sharing opposition seats with those Liberal extremists whose popularity is eroding. That is a possibility that the Liberals are also aware. Says Liberal back-bench MP Dennis Dawson: "The PQ is on the slide. But, of course, so are we."

Lévesque in Quebec City, aiming at Ottawa—threat to Trudeau or not?



NEWFOUNDLAND



Pickford, looking 800 gft jobs in the mouth

The offshore war shifts to the inshore

There was little indication last week that Premier Brian Pickford has any imminent plan to lift the issue of seceding that he declared for Newfoundland a fortnight ago in the wake of Ottawa's refusal to give its claims to the province's offshore oil. But there was every sign that provincial leaders are becoming increasingly outraged over the issue—and other out-of-province developments.

The Supreme Court of Canada's agreement to hear Ottawa's case in November for control of the offshore oilfield led Energy Minister Willem Marshall to declare "deep and bitter disappointment." The timing of the hearing makes it highly unlikely that the provincial Supreme Court will be able to issue its judgment first as Newfoundland's own case, for which as date is yet set. That was not Marshall's only concern. Almost simultaneously Premier René Lévesque denounced him as a "braggart and impudent" for declaring that he has a concern in respecting the freely contentious conflict by which Hydro-Québec buys cheap power

in Labrador and sells it for a higher price in the United States. Newfoundland is trying to convince to have the agreement nullified in the courts. But it was another mainland announcement that caused the most anger. Ottawa said it plans to renege 580 jobs for Newfoundland's offshore workers. And that led Pickford to charge that the federal government is now trying to grab control of the inshore fishery—as well as the offshore oil.

The fishery issue has a sort of history. Late last month the residents of Newfoundland's northeastern town, St. Anthony, were overjoyed when they learned that Ottawa was stepping in to renege a large, 100-million-dollar plan, there Fisheries Products Ltd., the owners, had pulled out the money-draining operation last October, leaving its shoddy workers with little hope of ever being called back. Then, Trudeau adviser Michael Kirby's wanted talk force on the East Coast fishery worried out a novel scheme whereby a special new subsidiary of the Fisheries Private Support Board would lease the plant and operate it temporarily until next December. But Pickford denounced the plan as "absolutely political garbage."

But St. Anthony is on the brink of federal Revenue Minister Bill Roper, who announced the plant opening, wondering about whether or not Ottawa was happy to get its foot in the door of the Newfoundland inshore fishery. Pickford virtually threatened to withhold the provincial fish-processing licence that all Newfoundland plants must have to operate.

The reaction was swift and furious. "This is not an approach," said St. Anthony Mayor Roy MacLeod. And as Pickford continued last week to hedge on whether or not a licence would be granted in time for the start of the opening this week, an angry MacLeod promised: "The plant will reopen, here or no licence." After asking the advice of both the justice and fisheries departments in St. John's, MacLeod declared, "I am of the opinion that

Mr. Pickford has no legal grounds whatever to withhold a licence."

Provincial officials and local observers were puzzled over why Pickford had taken such an embarrasing line. At a hastily called press conference the premier declared that the proper federal vehicle to reactivate the plant was a subsidy to the existing owners, not direct federal operation, but, said federal Fisheries Minister Brian Mulroney, "We tried. We met with the company. They did not want to operate St. Anthony." And since Newfoundland's own fisheries minister, Jim Murphy, was previously on record as calling for federal help to revive the plant, Mulroney's position, Murphy was able to place the Pickford government in a difficult position. In the Newfoundland legislature the small Liberal Opposition derisively criticized Pickford's insistence that "there's no political reason why we're kicking up a fuss at St. Anthony," the town's provincial member, Liberal Ed Roberts, warned Pickford in a letter that to block the licence would be "an act of heartlessness and heartrending stupidity."

Pickford's argument that the people of St. Anthony deserve something better than a one-season reprieve brought a reaction from a knowledgeable authority outside the legislature. Richard Cusbin, president of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union, commented: "Pickford's about long-term solutions—but I haven't seen any coming from him. It seems to me that the federal government's opening of the plant for this season puts them very well down the road to taking the responsibility for a long-term solution. I would say, well, we've got them in for a penny, we'll get them in for a pound."

By week's end, however, the gathering gale of political protest had faded. The provincial result this time Friday the Newfoundland premier refused and reluctantly agreed to process the federal government's application for a provincial licence needed to restart the site St. Anthony plant.

Cusbin, in for a penny



A protest becomes destructive

In the early morning hours last Monday, shadowy figures slipped through a hole cut in the security fence around a new hydroelectric substation 30 km north of Vancouver on Vancouver Island. The substation, a key installation in a controversial new transmission line to bring 500,000 additional volts of power to the island, was unguarded, and the saboteurs were able to place over 300 kg of dynamite at the base of four heavy reactants. About 130 m, the four linked charges went off, throwing British Columbia Hydro, one of the biggest, listed companies in the province, into an unsettling new era of confrontation.

The huge Crown corporation (with assets worth \$1 billion) is accustomed to attracting controversy and opposition to its projects, which involve damming rivers and flooding valleys to meet its growing power needs. But until the \$4-million worth of equipment, including about 200 tonnes (used to install and reduce current flow) at the Denman substation, was turned into shrapnel, Hydro's opponents had done nothing more controversial than step in front of bulldozers clearing the way for the new transmission line. The Cheke-Denman line is a huge project. It would end up costing more than \$1 billion—but Hydro says the combination overhead and underwater cable running 149 km from the mainland to Vancouver Island is needed to end the brownouts and power shortages that some coastal water. Environmental groups say it is both unnecessary and too expensive.

As a special eight-month RCMP investigation first tried to find links to dynamite thefts into a computer, an unknown group came forward—anonymous—and claimed responsibility for the bombing. "This project, if completed, will provide electricity for a world-class industrial development plan for Vancouver Island," said a two-page release sent to news organizations from a group calling itself Direct Action. "We are opposed to any further industrial development and to any expansion of the power grid which would stifle such development. We reject both the ecological destruction and the human oppression inherent in the industrial societies of the corporate machine in the West and the neo-conservative machine in the East." The rambling manifesto,

which called the blast "the best contribution we can make toward protecting the earth and struggling for a liberated society," was sent out in an envelope that had 10 Commercial St. in Nanaimo as the return address. That added insult to the injury of the blast because it is B.C. Hydro's business address in the city.

The bombing creates major, long-term problems for Hydro. Spokesman Peter McElhinney "Hydro systems by their very nature are

poised in 1976 that it became more than half the power transmitted will be used by the island's energy-hungry pulp mills and mines at a cost that has risen far above Hydro's original estimate of \$315 million. And many people simply do not want more heavy industry on Vancouver Island.

After the line's construction was first announced in 1976, isolated incidents along the Sunshine Coast north of Vancouver, on Texada Island in the middle of Georgia Strait—where the underwater cable would surface to continue briefly overland—and on Vancouver Island itself appeared to try to stop construction. Three years of protests followed, including demonstrations in



Bombardment substation near Nanaimo: some people would rather have brownouts

valuable to attack. There is a limited amount you can do to stop the determined anarchist." What Hydro has to do—apart from strengthening security measures at its vulnerable dams and power lines—is to replace the four shattered short reactants and hope the new line will be completed on schedule by October, 1983. "Given a three-month delay would put us in the middle of the peak demand period, and we would be back where we are now—asking people not to turn on their water heaters and appliances all at once," McElhinney said.

The 3.5-m-to-7.5-m brownouts are dramatic reminders that Vancouver Island, while part of a province rich in hydro resources, can only generate about 30 per cent of the electricity it needs. The rest must come from the mainland, a fact that has made the new line controversial since it was first pro-

posed in 1976. That it became more than half the power transmitted will be used by the island's energy-hungry pulp mills and mines at a cost that has risen far above Hydro's original estimate of \$315 million. And many people simply do not want more heavy industry on Vancouver Island.

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much point in it because with inflation and high interest rates the way they are, there won't likely be a fine string."

Many people on both sides of the issue were surprised by the sabotage because protests against the cable seemed to have ended in 1980 when the provincial government said there was no chance that the project would be abandoned. "Cheke-Denman is probably the biggest lesson the province has ever taught," says Michael Conway-Brown, a Powell River environmental researcher. But Conway Brown is not pleased by the damage to the line. He, along with the rest of Hydro's customers in British Columbia, will have to pay for the damage done to the wrecked substation on top of its already astronomical price tag.

—MALCOLM GRAY

The murders that will not go away

Officer Robert Olson is serving a life sentence in Kingston Penitentiary in Ontario for the murder of 11 children. But more than four months after he sobbed a guilty plea into a white handkerchief, the worst mass murderer in British Columbia's history continues to arouse bitter controversy. Last week old wounds and issues were reopened as the final federal report for one of his victims, Sandra Wolfstien, 16, at Langley, was held. Followed a day later by a coroner's report on the murders. Even before Dr. Alan Askey released the report, the families of eight of the dead children had shown that they had lost confidence in B.C. Attorney General Allan Williams, the man who endorsed the inquest. The relatives called a press conference to demand a public inquiry into both the deaths and the police handling of the Olson investigation. They said they were not satisfied with the results of a coroner's inquiry, which Williams intended to hold in private and which allowed for neither a jury nor open examination of witnesses by lawyers.

The report itself does nothing to ease their frustration. It offers no comment on the police investigation and even gives official approval to the controversial \$90,000 payment made to Olson (just held to trust for his wife and infant son) in return for his help in finding the bodies.

That was not good enough for the families. They have received virtually no compensation for the deaths of their children, and they are planning to sue Williams, Olson, his wife Joan, and James McNeely, the lawyer administering the trust fund.

Their chances of either winning com-



Family press conference: the minister's question was rhetorical and arrogant

penation through the courts or getting a public inquiry are slim. Williams did say that the province is looking at ways to make it easier for the victims' families to get compensation. But he ruled out any further investigation with the argument that public has already been done through Olson's public trial and sentencing.

For his part, Gary Rosenfield, the stepfather of one of Olson's victims, 16-year-old Susan Adams, says it is precisely because of the unusual aspects of the case—the questions of police efficiency and the payment—that a public inquiry is needed. "The only way we'll get any satisfaction is if we get that public inquiry—and we're going to keep pushing until we get it," he said.

The Askey report suggests that when serious crimes such as Olson's murders are being investigated, particularly in an area like the crowded B.C. Lower

Williams: more questions



Mainland, where there are several police jurisdictions, different forces should make sure that their computers are linked to the RCMP's and cross-index files on suspects. At the same time, Askey wants Federal Solicitor General Robert Kaplan to introduce laws that provide for the instant investigation of offenders. He noted that Olson would not have qualified as a dangerous offender, even though he spent 31 of the past 34 years in prison.

Roid Rosenfield of the document "Some of the recommendations are excellent, particularly those to Solicitor General Kaplan, but we don't really know if they will be carried out." He and the other relatives of the dead children want to prevent other young people from being murdered as serious are rubbed raw by slow official actions and the irritation at the trust fund's existence. Rosenfield, for one, finds it difficult to believe that Olson doesn't have some ways of manipulating the fund as his personal whim, even though the trustee denies this. And Signe Wolfstien saw his daughter officially declared dead only this week. Her skeletal remains found near Chilliwack Lake, had to be proofed by an anthropologist at Simon Fraser University before identification could be made. Finally, about 13 months after the day she vanished, the teenager's body was released to her parents for burial. Clifford Olson may have left British Columbia, but the crimes he committed and the pain he caused clearly remain.

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

A summit under siege

By Ian Anderson
and Marel McDonald

Their helicopters floated out of a cloudless sky into the gilt and gardened wonderland that is a monument to a ruler's extravagant opulence. But if the seven leaders of the industrialized world's richest nations chose not to dwell on the unfortunate symbolism of the site for their eighth annual economic summit last weekend, they could not close their eyes to the perils that lurked beneath the Chateau de Versailles' hospitable glitter. The tinsel opulence of Louis XIV's 15,000-acre grove park had been turned into one of the most elaborate and costly security sets in France's history. Beyond the rose gardens and winking Apollo fountains where they had strolled, an army of 1,000 riot police had sealed off the chateau behind machine guns and a rider-patrolled airplane quarantine, with a threat to shoot down any aircraft within a four-kilometre radius.

In the pastoral stillness of the forest where Napoleon once galloped, plainclothes security agents bunkered among the oaks with machine guns, walkie-talkies and six hidden batteries of anti-aircraft guns and missiles.

Within the extravagant splendor of the 700-room palace where the seven chieftains, dressed and armed, the red-brick Republican Guard provided them with a colorful reminder of chaos from the international terrorist threat, Carlos, and the bombs that had already welcomed President Ronald Reagan on his first European foray.

But if the summiters could not ignore the components of a security blanket that required even their so-called gold clearance badges, the real pressures that weighed over their Versailles idyll were the grim facts of the greatest economic crisis since the Great Depression. Under siege from galloping unemployment and inflation, crippling interest rates, bitter trade wars and worries from both their own suffering electorates and the wounded Third World, they had arrived in the Sun King's Hall of Mirrors having agreed that it was every man for himself.

When the last helicopter lifted off agile Monday morning after their 14-million get-together over a menu of banquets, folk games and fireworks, nothing had basically changed in that inability to acknowledge a concerted solution. But the four-part final communiqué, already drafted by the summit's 32-man advance squad of "Sherpas" and

the weeks before they met, managed to sound a barely optimistic tone, with a little something for everybody. It spelled out an agreement for immediate action on stabilizing money markets, liberating trade and promoting Third World and technological development. With a silent note of resignation over U.S. intransigence on the subject, it pointedly did not include any consensus on action against interest rates.

The summit gave the Canadians and Europeans a chance to personally reassure Reagan for the interest-rate woes that they had been venting to his officials in the two months of international meetings leading up to what had been dubbed as the "interest-rate summit." In that sense, Versailles provided a forum to ease the heat from political pressures at home. A top Canadian official confided to Maclean's that the delegation of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had arrived without either preparation or tactical proposals, hoping to work out its economic strategy later, on the summit's foundation. But there was no doubt that for Canada the summit was a blow. It was a single-issue meeting for the troubled government of Pierre Trudeau—high interest rates caused by Reaganomics—and on that point it had to concede complete defeat.

There was no lack of trying: French President François Mitterrand set the stage for an interest-rate attack in his opening remarks when he referred repeatedly to the "crisis" caused by high interest rates, but as host he kept his message discreet for the most part. The main charge over a Saturday lunch of pigeon and lobster sauce was led by

German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who told Reagan that inflation began not with the 1973 oil crisis but with the way the U.S. had paid for the Vietnam War—by printing money. Trudeau seconded Schmidt by placing the blame even more squarely on U.S. shoulders. "Schmidt emphasized the United States," said External Affairs Minister Mark MacGugan in a briefing. "We stated it." Trudeau, he reported, had told Reagan that unless he resolved his budget problems with his Congress and sped up a return to lower rates, the world faced "a choice between a crisis and a catastrophe."

For his part, Reagan, hoping to score a badly needed foreign policy success of his ten-day continental sojourn, had arrived prepared for the hush-sounding and in a conciliatory mood. But he pronounced no specific action on interest rates, which he pleaded he was helpless to alter, blaming the money markets for keeping them high as long as his budget remains grounded in Congress. Instead, the U.S. delegation had landed in Paris for Reagan's visit with Mitterrand two days before the summit and a publicity blitz saying that they would be willing to hedge on the equally contentious exchange-rate issue in a trade-off for a concession on more liberalized markets.

Mitterrand, determined to win his own personal success out of the summit as host, leaped on that opening to forge an agreement to investigate closer monetary co-operation on the international exchange markets. That concession on

the monetary study figured as the final communiqué's starring paragraph—the opening point of a five-paragraph plan of action.

But there was considerable debate about how much the agreement meant in claiming to "work toward an orderly and constructive evolution of the monetary system." French Finance Minister Jacques Delors had publicly announced the proposal to undertake a five-month study of ways for "stabilization and purification of the money markets" after the summit's Friday opening dinner, making clear that he had just winged the long-awaited deal from both the Japanese and U.S. delegations.

Unable to agree on interest rates, Delors said, "We had to find a breach in the wall of skepticism which surrounds us." He heatedly insisted that it was not simply "words of goodwill" similar to those wrapping up last July's Ottawa summit communiqué, signifying nothing. "The new political day we made here is that we now have the will to obtain some quick results," he said. He promised a report from the study group by July, which would then be presented to the key meeting of the World Economic and Monetary Fund meeting scheduled for September in Toronto.

But few of the summit participants regarded it as the triumph the French claimed it was. Said MacGugan: "This study indicates a change in the thinking and barrier to this by the United States government. But I don't think we can equate a study at all with action." In

Summit allies Reagan and Thatcher take a stroll (left); Mitterrand welcomes Trudeau



Trudeau chats with Italy's Spadolini at dinner: how do you paper over a crisis?



The seven (left) to right: Japan's Nakasone, Britain's Thatcher, America's Reagan, French President Mitterrand, Germany's Schmidt, Canada's Trudeau, Italy's Spadolini, seven nearly identical sets of policies

fact, throughout the drafting of the summit, the Europeans had pressed for wording that would have implied that all seven countries were advocating intervention on foreign exchange markets while the United States held out for much vaguer wording.

There was even some question of how soon the proposal would be made before the summit. U.S. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan had arrived in Paris for the preparatory G-7 ministerial meeting, coinciding to the U.S. press corps that to take the pressure off its high interest rate policy, Washington would propose a study of how well international policies worked.

To the Europeans, however, even that indication of the United States' willingness to discuss the question made as a hopeful sign that Reagan had become more responsive to his allies' anguish over the dollar's erratic fluctuations, playing havoc with their energy costs and investments. Said Delors: "These propositions, for a long time rejected, have finally received a more favorable welcome from the United States."

Japanese Premier Zenko Suzuki, equally anxious to deflect the summit's criticism of burgeoning foreign trade surpluses and stalled home markets, also arrived at Versailles for a conciliatory note in the month before the summit. Japan had announced a modest and cautious package of tariff reductions and measures to encourage re-exports. While it had not come near the American demand for freer access to the Japanese market for beef and oranges, Mitterrand called the measures "extremely useful."

The communist's other major consensus was predictable: Mitterrand's pet topic, and the current industrial threat of his Socialist government—the co-ordination of international high technology to boost economic growth. Against a backdrop of the latest trade-in-France videotex prototypes he opened Saturday morning's session with a much-labeled-over report calling for a study of the means to promote the development and trade in electronic technology, which also figured as the fifth of the communist's five-point proposals for action.

Those agreements, however, could not mask the more unsettling fact that the 21-day extravaganza still ended with the countries agreeing to disagree on the fundamental solutions to the world's mounting problems. No other summit had been preceded by such a heightening of tensions between the participants. Nine the summit in Ottawa 11 months earlier, another five million people in the industrialized world had joined the unemployment rolls. Another 80 million people had starved to death. Trade skirmishing between mature nations had become so acute that observers warned darkly of a collapse in the world trading system.

Among the seven summits, growth in domestic consumption had stopped. The political logic dictated export growth to boost production—and jobs. Even Canada had taken off its boy scout hat and started using French-style technologies to block Japanese cars from entering the country.

Post-Versailles Ottawa can only be a troubled and dispirited capital. By deliberately raising auto-patients about Versailles, Canada could be the first to defuse it as a failure. Trudeau's dilemmas start with the summit's post-summit

scenery of the Canadian economy and the tough choices required to revive it. Canadian officials remain perplexed by the outcome. There has been no assurance from either the finance department or the Bank of Canada that a splurge of federal spending will do anything more for the health of the economy than increase the already huge federal debt and push inflation still higher. As Finance Minister Allan Rockford admitted at Versailles, there is very little room for Canadian interest rates to fall. With U.S. inflation rates at 8.5 per cent and Canada's still stuck at 4.5 per cent, any change in U.S. interest rates will not be mirrored across the border. If saving is to take place, interest rates must be kept above inflation by a healthy margin—and even Ottawa is not expecting a dramatic change in the nation's inflation scenario.

For Canada, the greatest irony of the summit may have been the surprising results of a poll published in a French magazine just as the leaders arrived in Paris. According to the poll, Americans, Europeans and Japanese had judged their Canadian counterparts the least just people represented at Versailles and the people he which they have the most confidence. But faced with unemployment at 10.2 per cent and the dollar worth less than 80 cents (U.S.), the Trudeau government is fully aware that it must effect some turnaround if it hopes to avert the fate of the Bourbon kings. "I would say our determination to advance our national interests is the strongest I've seen," MacGibbon declared bravely. But his words had an eerie echo ring.



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The Big Seven's vital statistics

(in percentage)

	CANADA	U.S.	BRITAIN	FRANCE	ITALY	JAPAN	GERMANY
Prime interest rate May, 1982	12.5	10.5	14.0	14.0	22.25	6.0	12.5
Growth in GDP 1981	-0.5	-0.1	0.0	3.1	3.1	2.0	1.0
Unemployment rate 1982	10.2	9.1	12.0	6.0	10.0	5.1	6.4
Consumer Prices 1982	11.5	6.6	10.0	14.0	18.2	9.2	4.5

Raising a brick wall for a screen

They waited until the last moment to activate the radar system, the main anti-aircraft batteries into place. But the men and women protecting the world leaders attending the Versailles economic summit last weekend had been busy since dawn. Leaning down Louis XIV's magnificent palace and park for bombs, bugging devices and potential sniper positions a full three months ago.

The security sweep in the run-up to the Versailles party included a permanent watch on the palace's 700-old towers and 61 staircases, hourly patrols of the lower and park by frogmen into the dark black ponds. Still, it was only when Ronald Reagan, Pierre Trudeau and President François Mitterrand's other men and partners stepped from their helicopters as Friday that the tightest security operation ever mounted in France came fully into play. A standing army of 4,000 was mobilized to guard the world leaders from terrorist attack. To the critical eye of foreign high-growth also on hand to defend their clients. The French security



Checking for bombs at Versailles, explosives in Germany hourly patrol



defend their clients. The French security, despite was almost flawless. It was also expensive. Sources close to Mitterrand said that throwing a protective cloak around the handful of men and one woman had set France back \$5 million.

The security preparations mounted to guard Reagan during his one-day trip to Paris, London, Rome, Bonn and Berlin were even greater. More than 30,000 policemen and soldiers in four columns were assigned to the Reagan shield—twice the strength of the units facing each other on the Falklands.

At the outset, security experts were virtually unanimous in believing that Reagan would face his greatest danger this week in West Germany as he chases a NATO summit in Bonn and paid a four-hour visit to Berlin. Their fears were not without foundation. Last week a shadowy leftist terrorist organization set off a series of bombs in West Germany and wanted in a reconnaissance

that the blasts were only a forerunner of what they called a "hopefully loud, eventual and unforgettable reception" for the American leader.

That was not all. The West German peace movement planned speeches and demonstrations in Bonn and Berlin to coincide with the NATO gathering. Advanced planners were most concerned that the Berlin demonstrations would trigger disorders that would spill over to the U.S. president's visit at week's end. Berlin has an unenviable track record for left-wing riots during state visits. The latest such explosion occurred when Secretary of State Alexander Haig visited the city last September.

But West German Chancellier Helmut Schmidt showed no undue worry for the safety of his American guest. He recalled foreign pressmen that "an American president has ever been assassinated abroad." Schmidt's calmness was not shared by everyone. Bonn

security chief Gerhard Boden told a German paper that he thought Reagan would be a "soft target" for terrorists. Last month federal prosecutor Kurt Heilmann correctly predicted that a wave of terrorist attacks against high-ranking U.S. officers and installations could be expected. And the bombing blitz of U.S. bases last week served as a grim reminder of the assault on Ramstein U.S. air base last August in which 59 American servicemen were wounded.

While last year's attacks on Americans were the work of the Red Army Faction (RAF), a small but deadly band of terrorists made up of the survivors from the Baader-Meinhof gang and recruits from the violent German Socialist Movement, the most recent bombings were attributed to the Revolutionary Cells. German authorities consider the Cells as potentially the most dangerous left-wing band because, unlike the dependence of the RAF, they have been impossible to identify.

Leading national lives for the most part, the Cells' gunmen—thought to number as many as 50 in all—often together only occasionally to conduct an attack, then put their weapons in storage for the next strike.

Despite the obvious threat, it would be almost impossible for an urban guerrilla to approach the U.S. chief. The security screen around Reagan resembled nothing so much as a brick wall. While in Berlin the president's party was scheduled to travel by helicopter—dubiously followed by a communications unit and a surgical unit. Army experts were assigned to cover rooftops and windows for hostile weaponry. With few variations, the same scenario was to be played out near Versailles to Bonn. The only unobstructed view ordinary Europeans could get of Reagan was on TV. And that was a chilling reminder of just how vulnerable the president has become—abroad as well as at home.

—PETER LEWIS in Brussels



Electronic delegation room: a jungle the accounts burned the cost of the 214-day summit has been guarded as a state secret. Says Mitterrand: "When one receives guests, one doesn't tell them how much one is spending." But according to explosive estimates published by the reliable national weekly, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the bill will total \$14 million—a figure most observers accept. The French argue that it will be much less and much cheaper than Venetian or Ottawa's spreads, but that claim is based on bookkeeping methods.

In the Grand Trianon, Louis XV's rose-marble palace where the leaders were each billeted in four-bedroom suites, six extra bathrooms had to be hurriedly installed, each complete with Empire furnishings. Ronald Reagan drilled off each night beneath pink and white drapes and two living-room breese isolates that watched over his mahogany bed. To view over the palace of the guests, four warrens of rooms and 25 assistants were assigned to whip up the summit's 588 meals according to three menu variations they had to stare of French protocol, after light fare and exclude pork and intestines.

The dishes were sped under armed motorcycle escort from a suburban kitchen to the makeshift cooking area erected in the best room of the chateau, where a 18-ton truck served as their refrigerator. The menu was all kept top secret until an hour after they had been eaten.

The forework feast was meant to punctuate the entire extravaganza with a postcard happy ending. But some wag found the medieval past chosen for another Sunday night entertainment in the royal chapel more appropriate to what was a summit in which each nation remained connected to its separate corner as the world turned. Such an impression, says *The Economist* of *Radio*—MARC McDONALD in Paris.

The gilding of a rose

One-on-one with the Chairman of Versailles. When Louis XIV dropped in on his French cousin, Nicolas Fouquet, in 1662 he left a bit of jealousy. Doubled by the liveliness of his underling's new digs at Vaux-le-Vicomte, he promptly had Fouquet imprisoned for misappropriation of funds, then set about creating a chateau that would outdo his. The same principle was firmly operational again last weekend as François Mitterrand attempted to rival all previous summit hospitality and dazzle a watching world with the freshly gilded splendor of his country's most sumptuous castle. For two months experts frantically restored Versailles' 8,000 paintings, removing six problem Aubusson tapestries and polishing its 11-acre gardens to an unexcelled gleam.

But France used the summit to show off more than its refurbished past. Behind the chandeliers and frescoed ceilings, the king's telephone was transformed into an electronic jungle—a showcase for the latest in French high-tech wizardry, intended to impress even American and Japanese visitors.

In the three days of talks in the Versailles convention room, where the leaders gathered beneath David's celebrated canvas of the crowning of Napoleon, they could keep in touch with their delegations in the palace's north wing simply by putting an electronic pencil in a magic blackboard wired to a TV screen. An Arabian tapestry had been woven especially for the occasion to hide the required tangle of cabling wires.

Two hundred television screens with keyboards were scattered under the grand stucco bowers to demonstrate the prowess of France's Antipex videotele system, currently vying for the North American market against Britain's

Prostel and Canada's Teleson. In the chateau's Orangerie, where 1,200 orange, palm and pomegranate trees were erected to make way for 3,000 journalists, eight heliport rooms and four TV studios, journalists had an 8,000-page electronic encyclopedia at their fingertips, ready to serve up any arcane fact they might require.

The entire electronic installation, estimated to have cost \$500,000, was meant to provide the appropriate backdrop for Mitterrand's Sunday morning address on the long-term use of high technology to solve the untraditional world's problems. Not only was he pushing the issue as a tool of job creation—and the new thrust of his own government's industrial policy—but his advisers had come up with the theme as the summit's only real note of consensus.

Perhaps because Louis XIV grew so appalled over Versailles' extravagance that on his deathbed he ordered

Trimming hedges of Versailles gardens: more than a refurbished past



Socialism—French style

It was not François Mitterrand's kind of weekend. Left to his own devices, he would have gathered his seven guest ambassadors under the pines of his renowned grange in southwestern France to chew over the world's problems in taking books and old hats, then served up a rustic outdoor buffet. Instead, the first Socialist president of the French republic found himself playing host to the most glittering, grandiose and costly summit of Western leaders since the nation was first governed in 1959 by Charles de Gaulle, seven years ago by Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, his predecessor.

Mitterrand's chosen baedeker of Versailles, a monument to the emperor that provided the French Revolution, stood in ironic counterpoint to the revolutionary promises his own election implied last year. But, in keeping with that irony, it may be true that, as the West's richest nation founder in their worst postwar economic crisis, only Mitterrand could have risked throwing a summit spectacle in a setting as charged as the Sun King's gardens.

Swooped into power just over a year ago—on May 20—as a scourge of the wealthy and a champion of the downtrodden at home, his mission as the international stage ever since has been to assure his allies that a Socialist France does not mean a lackluster partner. The pomp and fireworks at Versailles underlined that message.

Beneath his laudic reinforcement of Louis XIV's fully lay Mitterrand's determination to show that a government that had hoped to exclude Communism in the cabinet could also master as

much style as its predecessors. He did it, complete with gastronomic lean, Bordeaux's grandest vistas and an appropriate sense of France's past grandeur. Indeed, his hospitality spree was intended as concrete evidence that, despite reticence about the nation's key industries and banks, the French Socialists are a dynamic group, proudly showing off the star turns of their technological gamble on the future (page 19).

But Mitterrand saw Versailles as more than a simple showpiece for an occasion. Last June he arrived in Canada for the Montebello summit as an unknown—and even suspect—commodity. After a year of dizzying international visits, the summit was his chance to cement the prestige and weight he has been working to establish on the world scene. It was no accident that, after dropping in on each of his guests in preparation for the weekend's get-together, his last act before Versailles was a five-day swing through Africa. As he has made clear at every opportunity, he sees himself as a privileged advocate of the underdog in the hapless North-South dialogue. Not only that, but he has already carved out a unique—and risky—middleman's part for himself as the Middle East. And while he has kept his campaign promise to be the first European leader ever to make a state visit to Israel, he has also gone farther than anyone else in advocating the creation of a Palestinian state.

But it is among his Western allies that Mitterrand has carved himself for a unique and unexpected role. In a characteristic French two-step he has managed to play an outspoken proponent of the European view while maintaining a hard-line stance on defense, which puts him closer to both Margaret Thatcher (on the Falklands crisis) and Ronald Reagan (on Poland) than any of his other partners.

That independent mood is reminiscent of another of his predecessors—and a sworn enemy—the late Charles de Gaulle. Like de Gaulle, Mitterrand has also spent his first year swirling the international stage, making foreign policy his personal plaything while appearing to be about France's petty daily political squabbles. He has even acknowledged their significance symbolically. Always acutely aware of the significance of a gesture, Mitterrand recently opened Giscard d'Estaing's former office in the Élysée Palace for the visit gift quarters that once belonged to the man he spent the better part of his political life opposing.

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Photo: AP/Wide World

Mitterrand hiking (above): Citroën workers demonstrating; risky middlemen



CITROËN DOIT VIVRE

An axman hot, Mitterrand presided over the meeting from a political base that was never than that of any of his guests. Not only does he wield more individual power than the others, but he is the only participant who could claim to be an arrival of another six years in power and another four years of banking from his parliamentary majority. Despite a year of feverish legislating, which he sidestepped in some of the most controversial policies in France's postwar history, his own personal popularity has risen domestically.

After a year's delay of new bills, Mitterrand has boasted that his government has fulfilled 70 per cent of his 130 daily enumerated promises, from relieving nationalized firms to reducing the work week to 39 hours and awarding his citizenry a fifth week of paid vacation. But recently an increasingly gloomy set of economic signs have pointed to the fact that the Socialist's post-mail rush into de Chombrand has come to a forced pause. There is growing evidence, in fact, that they may have attempted too much too soon.

The nation's situation promises, which has already cost an estimated \$6 billion in compensation, will need an infusion of another \$6 billion during the next two years, industry Minister Pierre Teyssie admitted last week. Combined with aggressive social reforms, which

included raising the old age pension and lifting the minimum wage by 284 per cent, they have pushed the projected budget deficit this year to an ominous \$16 billion. That spending, in turn, has swollen inflation to 14 per cent.

Nonetheless, Mitterrand can claim a quasi success with unemployment, which—as the odd man out in industrialized economic strategy—he has made his priority. He has succeeded in moving its growth to eight per cent,

As host, Mitterrand presided over the meeting from a political base more secure than that of any of his guests

compared to the more than nine-per-cent rate still being felt in the United States and the 10 per cent in Canada. But two days before the summit opening, the French forecasting institute, Insee, turned back the news that the number of unemployed had shot above the two-million mark. Adding to the gloom, INSEE predicted that the year's overall economic growth would be a full percentage point below the Socialist's original optimistic goal of three per

cent. Armed with these bleak prospects and currently straddled by next year's budget preparations, a handful of ministers have been publicly hinting that the time for left tightening has come.

Ironically, the Socialist presumption for change, which sent shivers of dread through half of the population a year ago, has had little actual effect on most Frenchmen's lives. Only minimum wage earners have reaped any substantial benefits, although the middle class set off private doubts of protest last February when it found itself stung by 10 per cent more in income tax surcharges. Businessmen and restaurateurs have been reacting that a new wage-account law has eaten into eating out. And a wealth tax sent a few of the very rich scurrying out of the country, their Louis XV-style outposts encased with an estimated \$20 million in unguarded cash. Most west in New York City, to take advantage of a more lenient tax climate. Their outflow, however, forced the government to withdraw its plan to tax art, wine and champagne, thus giving its hoped-for revenue a mere \$500 million. An even larger blow from the business community prompted a postponement of corporate taxes and social security charges that were slated to bring a \$1.6-billion levy into the Socialist's emptying coffers.

Conservatives who feared that under Mitterrand's rule French unions would command the ship of state were heartened to note that after the May Day celebrations the country's three leading socialist could not even manage enough agreement to march together. Mitterrand's gamble on buying a respite from labor unrest with four Communist ministers has not entirely paid off in its most serious action yet, the Communist-led Confédération Générale du Travail has just won over five weeks of crippling work stoppages at Citroën plants. The industrial action had threatened to push the indebted automobile into bankruptcy—and presumably led to a state of blood. But some Socialists admit privately that they expected their first year of uneasy marriage with the Communists to have been much worse.

Mitterrand's most reactionary measure has, in fact, been his last political—his deconstruction of a country that has been taking its orders from Paris ever since the days of Louis XIV, Versailles' founder. With the regard assemblies, which will take control of key economic decisions, will not be chosen by direct election until next year, there is some fear that they may not only double France's already bloated bureaucracy, but also encourage separatism in such volatile areas as Brittany and Corsica.

The report card for Mitterrand's first year stands curiously mixed. The "socialism with a human face" produced abolition of the death penalty and better treatment for the country's four million immigrant workers, that whole sections of his supporters stand disillusioned by his government's repeated gagging, betrayal and about-face. After promising to reduce compulsory military service to six months, the government suddenly backed off rather than risk the resulting unemployment. And, having vowed to freeze nuclear power plant construction, it is now going ahead with six of the new reactors stipulated by the last regime. After swearing to reduce arms sales, Mitterrand has just expanded his sale of Mirage fighter jets to India.

The greatest embarrassment, however, has come from Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson, who has spent so much time extracting foot from mouth that he has been dubbed the minister de faux pas. Among his most winning remark, the observation that President Awar Sadat's assassination would "remove an obstacle" from negotiating.

In fact, Mitterrand's chief task in the past year has been to exercise the skills that have engendered his political longevity—the gift for acting as a lobby, fiercely arbitrating over the spectrum of opposing factions within his government. These skills once allowed him to

meld a ragtag band of left-wing splinter groups into his ruling Socialist. Last weekend it was the same skills that he relied upon around the Versailles convention room to be an attempt to form a consensus, no matter how feeble, out of a summit at which everyone arrived in disagreement.

Mitterrand hoped to force a consensus at Versailles with the backs of a futuristic electronic technology. The fact that this was presented by a literary traditionalist who flunked nothing better than to read his own copy of Chombrand is only indicative of the

contradictions inherent in François Mitterrand. A sky man who has spent most of his 59 years in the political limelight, a regal and unapproachable leader who has the reputation of an enigmatic French, he may go down in history as the Socialist of single states who chose the world's most pretentious site to see the face of his international presence. Given the complexity of both the man and the summit, perhaps the only thing that can be said with certainty is that it is still too early to judge their performances.

—MARTY MC DONALD IN PARIS



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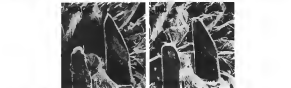
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WORLD

The Falklands and the future

By Mark Charnick

A thick curtain of slummy fog descended on the war-torn Falkland Islands last week, delaying the final act in a tragedy that has claimed at least 600 lives and sapped the armed might of both Argentina and Britain. In the port town of Port Stanley, the stage was set for a final confrontation as an estimated 7,000 Argentine troops entrenched themselves in foxholes and barracks behind a well-tended trench-like line of defence.

On the high ridges of Mount Kent and Two Sisters overlooking the snow-covered roof of the Port Stanley Social and Shooting Club, an estimated 1,500 British paratroopers and soldiers were on battle alert. The Argentines replied to the constant barrage from the 106-mm artillery on land, Harrier jump jets in the air and the 106-shp fleet offshore with sporadic fire from their 120-mm guns and conjecture that a massive air attack from the mainland might soften up the British positions. But so, by, including members of the ruling junta in Buenos Aires, gave the garrison a chance to become the "Stanley-ers" of the ill-fated conflict. As the British view tightened, desperate last-minute diplomatic efforts broke out in an attempt to avert a possible massacre. Prospects for a settlement looked virtually hopeless, however, as Britain and the United States (the latter is arming U.S. Ambassador to the UN Jeane Kirkpatrick later said) voiced a UN Security

Council call for an immediate ceasefire. Threatened over the conduct of the war, overruled throughout the week in London and Washington. For her part, Kirkpatrick's deputy Secretary of State Alexander Haig's "boys' club" sense of going "loyalty" to Britain at the expense of vital links with Latin America. Then Haig urged British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher—at Reagan's request—to be "magnanimous" in victory.

The junta was already rationalizing its inevitable loss by glorifying the country's new role

Thatcher replied that "magnanimity is not a word I use in connection with the battle for the Falklands." It would be "treachery or betrayal of our own people" to give anything to Argentina at this point, she declared. Thatcher's hawkish sentiments signalled her rejection of a peaceful solution unless the Argentinians unconditionally agreed to withdraw rapidly.

The prime minister was also under fire from cabinet members led by Foreign Secretary Francis Pym. They accused an adhering to UN Resolution 502, calling not only for Argentine withdrawal but for a negotiated settlement as well. Pym also had the backing of the

main opposition parties in Parliament. But despite the cabinet split and the hidden party politics (Pym is a leading contender for Thatcher's job), the prime minister appeared to have the support of the nation. A survey published last week showed 86 per cent of the respondents were satisfied with her leadership, an increase of 14.5 per cent in one month. Voters gave tangible support at the polls, too. The Conservatives won a by-election in southwest London, the first time in 25 years that a government has captured an opposition-held parliamentary seat.

With that kind of underpinning Thatcher seemed to be politically safe in going for a military solution. But even as the question of how much blood might be shed was racing toward a make-or-buy answer, scenarios for the future were being rehearsed. Thatcher also clearly had hardened her policy toward the long-term administration of the islands. She rejected any further participation by Buenos Aires and seemed determined to eliminate the Argentine presence entirely. Her thinking provided for the fuel, food, medical and transportation supply lines established in the 1970s by Argentina to be replaced by a more self-sufficient British-supplied island economy. The model for that would be found in the Shackleton report, which was shelved by the former Labour government pending resolution of the sovereignty dispute with Argentina.

Summoned to 10 Downing Street to brief the prime minister last week,

Homecoming Sheffield survivor (opposite); Argentine prisoners (above); Buenos Aires reaction; magnanimous in victory

Shackleton reviewed his original view that co-operation with Argentina was a prerequisite for implementing his recommendations. Now, he maintained, the Falklands could be developed without Argentina's support. In the short term he suggested that Britain should continue to buy wool exports and exploit fully the marine, farming and fishing. Oil and natural gas deposits are potential long-term energy-makers. Because 40 per cent of the islands' wool production, half their crop acreage and virtually the entire commercial infrastructure is run by the Falkland Islands Company—a subsidiary of the British energy conglomerate Conoco—Shackleton recommended dividing up the company's larger farms and selling smaller units to new islanders. Profits could then be reinvested in the local economy rather than being shipped off to Britain.

However, the most immediate problem is finding a way to eliminate the continued threat that the Argentines will pose to island security if they are ousted from the administration. To that end, Shackleton said that a British garrison should be established, a precursor that would have the additional advantage of providing a "more profound effect on the economy than any single investment program." It would also enable Britain to offer for lease to the United States an area for the siting of a U.S. military base in return for Washington's support in the conflict. Operations on the same terms as Ascension Island, this would provide the United States with a long-sought foothold in the South Atlantic and a valuable island offshoot to the mineral-rich Antarctic.

Whether that scenario is realistic or not remains to be seen. But Britain

would, in fact, be hard-pressed financially to maintain adequate forces on the Falklands without some additional assistance. Thatcher wants a multinational peace-keeping force but not under UN trusteeship as proposed by Pym. The prime minister fears that the Soviet Union's veto power in the Security Council would give it undue influence in the area. In choosing that option, however, she may have to head her iron will to the wishes of other nations—particularly the United States. As Kirkpatrick and others have pointed out, a humiliating defeat for Argentina would severely damage Washington's relations with Latin America. U.S. attention was painfully highlighted at the Organisation of American States' meeting in Washington (Mexico's June 1) and during the unprecedented appearance of Argentine Foreign Minister Miguel Cotto Mendez at the non-aligned nations' summit in Havana last week.

The hard reality of military defeat has not escaped the junta's notice either. Although publicly standing by its demands for unconditional sovereignty over the Falklands, the junta is already rationalizing its inevitable loss by glorifying Argentina's new role at the head of a revitalized Latin American community. The conflict, said President Leopoldo Galtieri, has been fought to "eliminate the weakness of Latin America." And to avert overthrow once the people realise

the Falklands have indeed been lost, the junta began to encourage wider participation by opposition parties in the political process. In the light of three incentives and Galtieri's assiduous efforts that Soviet military aid—already tangible in the form of 20 radar technicians on the mainland—would not be withdrawn, the United States is anxious to avoid a permanent rift. Will placed Washington sources indicated that Reagan, while mulling a public reception in Britain that week by publicly supporting Thatcher's policies, has been privately pressuring her to modify her tough stand.

By week's end the fog over the Falklands, both meteorological and diplomatic, seemed to be clearing for a prolonged interval. Media fog, too, has increased as both sides have imposed military censorship. The security of dispatches from the Falklands, Buenos Aires and London or the progress of the war has become increasingly suspect as

the battle's absurdities of war have multiplied. While the air bandied a song by Australian rock group Split Six with the line, "I've just spent six months in a leaky boat," Argentine soldiers were accused of looting in the carpets of Falkland Islands homes. Meanwhile, the British camp on Port Stanley tightened their bear by hour, threatening to drive the Argentines away. The Buenos Aires, for many of the 7,000 soldiers, the sounds of time may finally run out. ☐

Stanley guard watching



The Israeli invasion of Lebanon



For weeks the war-torn Middle East seriously awaited the onslaught. Then on Sunday Israeli troops drove into Lebanon with a deadly calculated vengeance. As waves of F-16 warplanes dove from the skies to unleash tons of high explosives, naval vessels poured a rain of shells on coastal targets. At the same time, up to four armored columns sped through UN police-keeping troops in southern Lebanon to attack Palestinian Liberation Organization strongholds. Said Israeli Cabinet Secretary Dan Meridor: "The decision has been taken to place all the civilian population of Galilee beyond the range of terrorist fire."

The spark that ignited the massive invasion—similar to one launched by Israel in 1978—was an attempt on the life of Tel Aviv's ambassador in London, Shlomo Argov. A shadowy terrorist group believed to be based in Syria was apparently responsible for the attack, but Israel blamed the PLO and almost immediately sent air force jets to strike at suspected terrorist targets in Beirut and surrounding areas. Then, when the PLO responded with rocket attacks on settlements in southern Israel, artillery exchanges erupted. And the Israeli cabinet, meeting in emergency session, decided to send in the ground forces.

The shooting of Argov, 52, took place on a warm spring evening outside the embassy residence (Flora) in London's fashionable Park Lane. As he stepped onto the sidewalk after attending a reception for 60 groups based in Britain, a

Jordanian hit man raised an Uzi sub-machine-gun and shot him in the head. The ambassador's police guard fired at the fleeing assailant, hitting him in the neck. Later, four other men were arrested. Another Jordanian and an Iraqi in a getaway car, a Syrian in a house in suburban Weybridge, and an Iranian. Police also uncovered a big arms cache and they said that information that they had collected might be useful in averting similar violence against Jews in other parts of Europe.

While surgeons fought to save Ar-

gov's life, there was concern that his left side might be paralyzed and that he had suffered irreversible brain damage. Israeli Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir was convinced that the PLO had carried out the shooting. So, at first, was Scotland Yard. But informed sources in Beirut claimed that the gunmen were backed by the Syrian government. The sources said that Syria's objective was to discredit the PLO with

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Wounded Lebanese get after or raid the situation was out of control



Israeli rocket launcher retaliation

countries—such as the member states of the European Community—that have recently tended to support it. That theory gained credence when the authorities in London—where charges were laid against the five men—identified them as members of the extremist Abu Nidal terrorist group based in Syria. Among their prospective targets: the PLO's London representative.

By that time, however, the situation was out of control. Retaliatory Israeli air strikes had devastated targets in Lebanon, including the sports stadium in Beirut, which Israel claimed had a huge ammunition dump below it, and the PLO stronghold at Sabra and Chatila, north of the Lebanese border near the Litani River. In return, PLO rocket batteries opened fire on Israeli settlements, and violent artillery duels erupted across the border. By late Sunday the death toll in Lebanon alone was close to 200, with hundreds more injured.

In New York the United Nations Security Council issued a call for a ceasefire by 6 a.m. Sunday. But by then the first reports of Israeli tank movements were already coming in. The main thrusts of the Israeli strike—charivars with the 7,000-man UN peace-keeping force on the ground counted up to 100 tanks in one column—appeared to be fourfold. The first was directed at PLO strongholds in and around the port of Tyre. A second was moving toward the positions at the town of Tulk. Still another was aimed at Shebaa, in the UN-occupied zone, and a fourth attack was leveled at Khadadi Bridge on the Litani River, opposite Sabra and Chatila.

As the Israeli strike rolled forward, the Voice of Islam—a radio station controlled by the Israeli-backed Lebanese Christian forces of Maj. Saad Haddad—broadcast instructions to res-

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death of southern Lebanon to stay at home and put up white flags. By that time, however, Hezbollah had already fed northward in anticipation of the long-heralded Israeli move. Indeed, many observers were surprised that the Israelis had waited so long after the April hand-over of the West to make their move. An attack had been widely expected as an attempt to prevent growing international pressure for Palestinian participation in an overall Middle East settlement based on Saudi Crown Prince Fahd's eight-point plan (Washington Post, May 16).

For its part, the UN also stressed the limited nature of the operation, releasing "Power for Calilias" to arm, the Israelis said, was to place settlements in that region out of range of PLO rockets. The Syrian army, whose advanced positions in the Bekaa Valley were only 16 km from the border, would not be attacked unless it fired first. In an official statement Israel added that it would continue to "aspire to the signing of a peace treaty with an independent Lebanon" based on its territorial integrity. As the fighting intensified, President Ronald Reagan, attending the Versailles Summit, calmed his concern to Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, and the Security Council scheduled a further emergency meeting Sunday to review the situation. But Lebanon seemed doomed once again to a protracted—and murderous—siege.

—CAROL KENNEDY in London, with Robin Wright in Beirut and Aron Silver in Jerusalem.

Israeli soldier: fourfold threat



Moshe Rabin, with husband, Dennis Fowler: the campaigning was rigorous

UNITED STATES

The unappealing primaries

Like his political predecessors Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan, Gov. Edward (Jerry) Brown thinks he has outgrown California. And this week's primary for the Senate election will likely see the governor—a Zen follower—meditating on a runaway victory in the race for the Democratic nomination. Brown's only serious competitor is from socialist and political sagehyte Gore Vidal, who is not expected to garner more than five or six per cent of the Democratic vote. But if his notion with Vidal is a walkover, Gov. Brown may find the ascent to Capitol Hill in the fall much harder. As White House political director Ed Rollins says, "We recognize Jerry Brown's eloquence, tenacity and ambition. We don't want him in the same town as the president."

Still, the Republicans will have to stop him, and last week it appeared that this will be a difficult task. Neither of the two hopefuls in this week's runoff for the GOP nomination has the experience—or the charisma—of Jerry Brown. The most likely winner is Sen. Diego Mayor Peter Wilson. But he is bland and unimpressive, and his nearest rival, the son and namesake of Arizona ultraconservative Barry Goldwater, is also unappealing, though for different reasons. A service-industry entrepreneur, Goldwater Jr. is noted for three characteristics: the confidential interviews he gives to pretty female reporters, a predilection for malaprop-

isms, and bizarre political proposals. His most famous play is a bill that would allow corporate spanking of postage stamps.

Behind Wilson and Goldwater trail no fewer than 13 candidates. Among these are state Senator John Schmitt, who was recently expelled from the John Birch Society for virulently anti-Semitic remarks, President Reagan's daughter Maureen, whose support for the Royal Rights Amendment has cost her parental campaign, and physicist William Shockley, a white supremacist.

Elsewhere in the country, the primaries have suffered from a dearth of well-known names and issues. Only two other contests, in New Jersey and Connecticut, have aroused interest. In New Jersey, the *Brooklyn* race features Wilbert Fawcett, 76, a former fashion model and four-term congressman, against ultraconservative Jeffrey Bell, 38, far the best-vanted by Harmon Williams, convicted of an Abscon fraud. Fawcett's liquid upper-class accents are expected to carry him into a narrow victory over Bell, an architect of Reaganomics who wants to turn the November election into a referendum on their efficacy.

In Connecticut, Vice-President George Bush's milqueline older brother, Prescott, is seeking to win the Republican nomination from the incumbent, Senator Lowell Weicker. Bush has such Washington know-how as Pres-



Vidal: a cocky but primary assassin

ident politician Richard Withkin planning his campaign. But his popularity has not been helped by his inability to keep his foot out of his mouth. Asked about U.S. immigration problems, he argued that illegal immigrants helped solve the current shortage. For his part, Weicker has labeled his conservative opponents "philosophical stum." That, along with his support for busing and opposition to voluntary school prayer, has inspired the far right and will hurt his chances. But the contest will probably be settled by voters' estimation of the performance in office of the vice president.

Not to influence, money often determines candidates' success or failure. The odds for this year's primaries is approaching record proportions. Bakers in California alone are putting up more than \$30 million. Jerry Brown has a war chest of \$2 million. But if the Senate race seems outrageous, local electioneering is just as costly. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, despite the lack of serious opposition, has spent \$100,000 a week on television time in his attempt to win the Democratic nomination for governor. Activist Tom Hayden is banking on wife Jane Fonda's money, as well as funds to send him to Sacramento as the representative of one of California's most affluent districts. But most attention in California and elsewhere in the United States will be focused on whether or not Jerry Brown, a former sensory student and friend of singer Linda Ronstadt, can follow Nixon and Reagan to Washington. The betting last week was that he can.

—WILLIAM SCOBIE in Los Angeles, with Eds Christy in New York.



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Setback for a promising reform



Noon meal on Salvadoran farm: an intense struggle produced chaos

In the small town of San Francisco Chiriquero, 55 km southeast of San Salvador, so-called civil defence force members have murdered two Christian Democrat mayors within a month. The first victim, Teodoro Bizar Cruz, was shot May 15. At the end of the month, his successor, 47-year-old Benjamín García de López and his 30-year-old daughter, Elva, were gunned down. "While we live, the people are bleeding," a Christian Democrat member of the Constituent Assembly said last week.

As many as 1,000 people are believed to have been killed since the March 28 elections for the assembly. And the centre-right Christian Democrats have been a major target of the violence. At least 18 party activists have died since the elections—including 12 in just over one week. Not since 1980 has the killing been so widespread.

Now, as then, it is an interethnic struggle within a government of national unity that has produced the chaos. Since army chiefs ended four weeks of policy debates last December by ordering believing politicians to choose between four presidential candidacies, the power struggle between warring factions has sharpened. Impatient nationalists have started a campaign of revenge killings of municipal leaders. At the same time, former Intelligence chief and a famed death-squad leader Roberto d'Aubusson, currently the assembly president, has encouraged a drive to

enhance his parliamentary government. And newly chosen President Álvaro Magaña has sought more power for his office. Meanwhile, justice-sector organizations have fought for technocratic domination of the government, and agrarian reformers have sought to further their aims. None of the factions, however, is willing to share power.

One of the main issues of dispute between the opposing forces has been the

The land-to-the-tiller proposal was a military program based on American experiments and encouragement

two-year-old agrarian reform program. Under that policy, 306 of the country's largest farms were collectivized. And, under a "land-to-the-tiller" program, peasants working land were allowed to claim it as their own. Collectivization technically made about 60,000 heads of families part owners of what were previously wealthy farmers' lands. But it also triggered a brutal reaction from rightist death squads who systematically murdered the co-operatives. The co-operatives are now well established, and rightist political leaders have promised not to break

them up, but to turn them into co-ops and perfect their management.

The land-to-the-tiller program has been less successful. It was originally intended to benefit more than 125,000 families, but its implementation has been held back by conflicting land claims, killings and a shortage of government money. Nearly 30,000 provisional titles have been issued. But peasant union leaders say nearly 7,000 title-holders have been evicted by former landowners using threats or by security forces hired for the purpose. Most reported incidents have taken place in one of the rightist parties won the March election.

Last month the land-claims decree was suspended for a year by the assembly in order to provide landowners with a measure of the security they say is needed to raise production. Afterward the rate of evictions increased rapidly, and in Washington the Senate foreign relations committee recommended freezing \$100 million worth of military and economic aid for El Salvador. Not only that, but the committee said the remaining \$66 million of aid should be suspended if the Salvadoran government "modifies, alters, suspends or terminates" agrarian reform.

In El Salvador itself the principal effect of the Senate committee's decision has been to split rightist protests against outside interference in the country's affairs. The land-to-the-tiller program was originally a military proposal. It was initiated on U.S. advice and based on Vietnamese "hearts and minds" experiments. Last week military leaders called in peasant union leaders and accused them that—regardless of the assembly's decision—the army will maintain its agrarian policies.

At the same time President Magaña, under the watchful eyes of the assistant of defense, Gen. Guillermo García, personally distributed land titles in a series of public ceremonies. Magaña also publicly reversed the assembly's decision not to seek further claims on the basis of rental agreements from last year.

In theory, at least, Magaña's action means that almost all of the 225,000 families originally envisaged will be able to apply for titles. The question now is how many claimants will come forward and how many times will the military put principle above a good bonus from wealthy landowners to enforce the program. One hundred families and union leaders, including agrarian reformer Rodolfo Viera and two U.S. agrarian reform advisers, have already died in defense of the land program. The likelihood is that many more will suffer the same fate in the future.

—CHRIS WOODEN in San Salvador

COLUMBIA

The giant turns right

The iron ramped from assembly for guerrillas to assembly for co-conspirators. But it was a split in the Liberal Party that handed victory in last week's Colombian elections to Conservative Party candidate Belisario Betancur, 50, one of 20 children of an illustrious peasant. As a result, Betancur won a mandate to apply his own local version of Maoism to one of the long-sleeping giants of Latin America.

Larger than Ontario, Colombia was a significant regional power and still petro-politically punched Mexico and Venezuela to the forefront of influence in the area. But it has been one of the Reagan administration's most enthusiastic supporters in Latin America, and many observers feel it may be poised to regain some of its old influence, especially in Central America.

Recently the Pentagon and the state department have been seeking access to air and naval facilities in Colombia and nearby Honduras. To that end, Washington has made a \$40-million budget request to Congress for the construction and improvement of airfields. For its part, the United States Navy has shown special interest in installations on the island of San Andrés, a Colombian possession only 200 km off the coast of Nicaragua, and territory that Nicaraguan claims as its own. The program of negotiations on all the Washington-related issues will depend primarily on the shakeout in U.S.-Latin American relations following resolution of the Falkland Islands crisis. Washington's current support for Britain is severely straining its relations with all its Latin allies.

Colombia, meanwhile, has a security crisis of its own. From 1946 to 1959 a program of institutionalized repression called La Violencia claimed more than 200,000 lives. The violence has fallen off considerably since then, but several guerrilla organizations continue to function, especially in the countryside, where poverty is most acute. Although the presidential elections were held in relative tranquillity, congressional elections last March were punctuated by the blowing up of bridges and ambushing of military vehicles. And in the opinion of many Colombians, that was a signal from the guerrilla leaders that their country's politicians should avoid involvement in the violent clashes engulfing much of Central America—and prepare themselves for problems in their own backyard. —ANNE NELSON

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Thirty-two riders dressed in scarlet tunics, moving in perfect unison on jet black thoroughbreds, is a sight that has thrilled crowds the world over. For James Weber, a 39-year-old waitress and horse lover from the village of Thiverton, Ont., the chance not only to watch the Inter-Mutual Ride for the first time but actually participate in it was a thrill of a lifetime. The city show that brought Shannon Tweed to the attention of *Mac* had arranged for Weber to travel in Ottawa last month where she became one of the few civilians to ride with the Mounties. "The sergeant called me by my last name and told me to get a haircut," says Lyne. "I was right at home." What it came to riding.

Weber riding with the Mounties, a barking sheepdog and tour—of joy

Weber (who has Arabian horses of her own) was also comfortable with an 11-year-old gelding named Kelly.

"They told me I had to push him a bit," she says. "They said he was lazy." But when Lyne, a 39-year-old waitress and horse lover from the village of Thiverton, Ont., the chance not only to watch the Inter-Mutual Ride for the first time but actually participate in it was a thrill of a lifetime. The city show that brought Shannon Tweed to the attention of *Mac* had arranged for Weber to travel in Ottawa last month where she became one of the few civilians to ride with the Mounties. "The sergeant called me by my last name and told me to get a haircut," says Lyne. "I was right at home." What it came to riding.

Singer Mike rock powerhouse

case through

Terry Fox died nearly a year ago. But the tributes to the 32-year-old runner are still pouring in. Schools, streets, a stamp, station and a mountain have been named after him, and last week in Ottawa Gen. Gen. Edward Schreyer presided over the dedication of the latest, a \$150,000 "Fountain of Hope" built just outside Rideau Hall. Hundreds of people, many in wheelchairs, gathered for the ceremony commemorating Fox and the International Year of Disabled Persons. Schreyer credited his wife, Lily, for the idea. "She felt that a fountain would complement the entrance of Rideau Hall and that it should symbolize hope," he said. "I thought she was quite correct." The ap-

plause was fervent as Terry's mother, Betty Fox, rose from the platform to ceremoniously start the eight-sided fountain structure funded by the Canadian Football League. Terry's father, Robert, was beaming. "It was a good idea," he said, complementing Mrs. Schreyer. "I think Terry would have been very happy."

In her trademark black leather, Vancouver singer Betty Fox performs police theme that would make Mike proud and flying kites that rival Mike Jagger's. Admittedly, the 32-year-old is not the kind of girl most boys would bring home to mother, but that doesn't stop them from lining up to hear her belt out rock 'n' roll songs with the best group. *Headline* Now Mike and the three boys in the band are aiming for a national following. Terry Fox loved their spiky-trilled first album, will be released this week both in Canada and the United States and, toward the end of June, they will be rolling out of a Vancouver bar on an eight-week, 30-city concert tour that will pair them with Toronto and *Swamp* bands. Sharing the spotlight with the likes of *Carole Pope* is enough to make some

singers queasy. But not Mike. "I've been waiting for four years to get to this position," she says. "I've always been an exhibitionist." Though her writing lags and explosive voice any singing but her dance, Mike denies that she is deliberately evasive onstage. "I don't go out there and become sexy," she maintains. "I go out there and rock." Her Canadian record company, Solid Gold, must know whereof it speaks. It is promoting the most extensive tour of the summer with a simple warning to park itself everywhere: "back up your zone."

When André Karim had his first one-man show in Paris in 1980, poet Paul Ghera wrote in the preface of the catalogue, "This child's eyes are such things for the first time." In Toronto last week to launch *André Karim: A Lifetime of Perception*, a new book published in connection with a major retrospective curatorial by Terry to dealer *Jana Corbin*, the Hagerman-born master offered several glimpses of the innocence and freshness that have characterized his life's work. "What I am doing, I am doing instinctively," he said. "I don't analyze. When you are looking, the moment is fleeting. There is no time for arranging." A pioneering photographer whose approach to what he calls "everyday happenings" has been a major influence on 20th-century photography, Karim unwittingly offered another important clue to his success. When asked his age, he joked shyly, "I'm 24." He will be 60 next month.

—TIMOTHY B. BARNARD, BOSTON



Photographer Karim: Tenuous freshness and innocence

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The markets' urgent warning

By Paul Christopher

For Finance Minister Allan Rock, the crisis was a brutally timely reminder. Shortly before he joined off to the Versailles summit last week, the minister received an urgent message from the world's financial markets on the state of the Canadian economy—and the news was not good. In financial circles, the first sign in New York the Canadian dollar suffered a troubling that saw its value plunge to an all-time low of 79.94 cents (U.S. 100) mid-

night. Smart, was triggered in part by statements MacKenzie made earlier in the week before the Commons finance committee. Attempting to justify the government's request to borrow \$6.6 billion this year alone to finance the deficit, MacKenzie acknowledged that a much larger amount will eventually be needed—although he wouldn't specify how much.

At the same time, money traders fear that the government will give in to growing demands that it relax its tight money policies. Says Frank Hines, an

insider over the money markets, "So stable were money traders, in fact, that an increase in the bank rate—and a corresponding hike in the prime rate to 17.5 per cent—failed to convince them that Bank of Canada Governor Gerald Bovey could keep interest rates at such a high level for long. There was also uncertainty about how long the central bank could keep up its effort to support the dollar. In May Ottawa spent \$500 million (U.S.) buying up unwanted Canadian dollars. Not only that, but traders estimate that a further \$200 million is



MacKenzie, Bovey (below): a belief that the government has lost control of the economy



comment with Michael Young, Vice President of Toronto. "The market is telling me that the government is going to cave in an interest rate." That fear is not surprising considering recent government actions that there may be a change of economic course in Canada following the Versailles summit. Indeed, since Washington refused to consent to lowering its deficit and interest rates at the summit, Canada will be under even more pressure to act on its own. There is mounting speculation that Ottawa may lower interest rates, introduce public-sector wage controls and implement programs to stimulate the economy.

In the meantime, a cloud of uncertainty

\$800 million was spent for the same purpose last week. The result of these forays has been a dramatic reduction in Canada's foreign currency reserves. And last week MacKenzie announced that Ottawa intends to raise \$750 million (U.S.) on the Eurobond markets to replenish them.

According to most outsiders, the only thing that can now stop the run on the dollar is a resounding move by the finance minister. They argue that unless he announces that Ottawa will stick to its anti-inflation fight, the Canadian dollar is likely to sink to sub-70-cent levels. A 15-cent dollar, they feel, could become the new reality for Canadians.



Modest aid for a stricken industry

When Energy Minister Marc Lalonde made public his revisions to the National Energy Program (NEP) last week, he was apparently calculating that the best defense is a good offense. News of the government's about-face—which will issue a \$2-billion cash infusion for the oil and gas industry—was buried in a 36-page document largely devoted to defending the NEP. But if the strategy was to quell the clamor of critics in advance, it clearly did not live up to expectations. No sooner had the document been released than the ministers were besieged by opposition and private-sector spokesmen like Bob Jenkins, president of Calgary-based Canadian Hunter Exploration Ltd. "One of the world's most incompetent governments has struck again."

Despised to boost the industry's cash flow, the revisions will cut the government's take from taxes and royalties on oil and gas production. Among the main measures: a one-year reduction of the nonpetroleum petroleum and gas revenue tax (NGRT); a \$500,000 credit against NGRT taxes, a one-year holiday from the nonpetroleum oil revenue tax; and lower taxes on tar-sands oil. But the approval by energy ministers is that the steps provide too little relief for too short a time. According to Jenkins, they will only temporarily increase the income of larger companies by two per cent.

Meanwhile the energy minister was also subjected to a barrage of criticism in the House of Commons for a series of reversals. Leading the attack, Conservative Leader Joe Clark charged that the changes were an admission by the government that the NEP had damaged the oil industry. Taking a different tack, the New Democrats criticized the Liberals for being too generous. Bob Sturges, energy critic in the Commons, said the changes were a slap in the face to the industry. "When we ask for money to help the unemployed get jobs, the government can't find it. But say, they can find \$2 billion for Imperial Oil and the rest of the oil industry."

While the government took the political assault in stride, it reacted strongly to private-sector arguments that the package was too modest. Senior energy officials brushed off the allegation, arguing that the government simply does not have any more cash to put on the table. Besides, they argued, a lot of other industries are in trouble, but they are not receiving \$2-billion aid packages. Not only that, Lalonde pointed out that the changes were primarily designed to provide a short-term boost for junior oil companies suffering from

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Lalonde: some conspiracy medicine

cock flow problems. "For a lot of firms," he said, "this will make the difference between being in the breakeven and being out there working." In fact, there were signs of relief from some small operators at the news of the \$500,000 profit tax credit and the suspension of the windfall profits tax.

Another company not joining in the chorus of criticism was Imperial Oil Ltd. For one thing, under the package, the price of oil from the company's pilot car-wash plant in Cold Lake, Alta., will jump from \$20.50 to \$45.00 a barrel. For another, as the largest shareholder in Ryerson Canada Ltd., Imperial will benefit from a tax cut of four per cent on car-wash oil. Canadian Gordon Thomson, executive vice-president of Imperial's subsidiary, Esso Resources Canada Ltd., "It does something for our confidence."

Lost in the debate over the plan's oil and gas measures were potentially controversial measures aimed at developing other energy resources. Possibly the most sensitive step in that direction was Lalonde's decision to consider ways of aiding the construction of more Cade nuclear generating stations. But while such assistance may eventually ease the nation's antiquated power, most attention remained focused on Lalonde's measures to revive the oil and gas industry.

And, despite the uproar, oil analysts concede that, ultimately, the health of the industry is not reliant simply on government relief. "A turnaround will only come, they say, when world oil prices rise and interest rates fall. That will take a very long time."

—IAN ADRIAN in Ottawa, with Gordon Lege in Calgary.

A wizard's market magic fades

Helen, the Greeks called it, over-swinging profits. And before it was over, the wizard of the more vengeful members of the Toronto financial community closed his behind last week's disclosure that all was not well in the kingdom of Andy Surles, legendary president of HCL Holdings Ltd. The company, which was advertising its way to riches a year ago, nipping in and out of large stock holdings in a market powered by the takeover bids from such firms as Hiram Walker and Brimacombe, is now reeling for cover. Blowing over it are overwhelming interest payments, losses of \$20.4 million since last Sept. 30, and rapidly shrinking shareholders' equity (from \$20 million to \$8.4 million in the past eight months).

The news would have been even more damaging to Surles had he not taken the blame in full view. Last week, as the

stock market plunged to a three-year low, Surles called for stern action. He declared that overhead in the Toronto office will be cut by half and that salaries and management compensation will be reduced by 30 per cent. Not only that, but he announced the resignation of HCL's chairman and director, Jack Macdonald, Surles' partner (with Barry Zimmerman) for the past five years. HCL's most drastic measure, however, was a request that HCL shareholders accept a 50 per cent cut in their share value. If they want to keep what is left of the company's assets out of a receiver's hands. With his shareholders' approval, in early July Surles will withhold interest payments on \$13.3 million worth of debentures. Fifteen per cent of those securities are held in the portfolio of DeLesse's profit-sharing fund, a \$20-million behemoth formerly controlled by Iva Jovinovic, who has been appointed to HCL's chairman board.

It was to Scottish-Japanese that Zimmerman Surles went for help early in May after grappling with HCL's intractable situation since January. Why had Surles fallen so far? Zimmerman's theory is straightforward ("Surles") left the business he knew well—his investment expertise—and started to try and save his money getting into stock funds, oil and gas plays and more so. Adds William Gassman, an insider in the HCL maneuvering: "Andy sometimes comes a copper because he loves small companies."

Basically, what we're telling And is to take larger holdings and stay in the big play.

The repossessed HCL bond is de-

signed to protect Surles from such scepticism. In addition to Zimmerman, new members include Gassman, a partner at Midland Doherty, HCL's underwriter, and Shane Mathis, a former New York-based Lehman Bros. executive who is now executive vice-president of Vancouver multimillionaire Sunlight Holdings's First City Holdings Inc. First City and what is thought to be a Brookfield-backed Edgar group interest have made \$10 million available to Surles to buy shares—but only one of which the lenders approve.

For his part, Andy Surles has been chastised—at least temporarily. Still, it is a testament to the respect he commands in financial circles that he may well survive. Much of that respect stems from his willingness to accept the blame. "It's true," he says. "I certainly got locked into the small company situa-



Surles, taking the blame in full view

tion. Even though I saw the use coming by the summer of '81, I couldn't get out." That kind of honesty endears Surles to his friends and makes him something of a mascot these days as the entire Canadian financial community suffers the slings and arrows of soaring interest costs. Less fortunate is Jack Macdonald, who has a solid reputation as an investment counselor but is not known, like Surles, as a fast-moving trader. Says Zimmerman: "Jack should have just stayed a little bit modest. They all should have, I suppose. It's true of all the investment business. We get so greedy. We start believing our own press."

—JAN BROWN

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Coppernickel picked first, Patterson (above left), and MacDonald, not Karamanos

Sudbury braces for a battle

By Mick Lowe

It looked like a strike from Dante's hell. Last week, around the Sudbury plants of the world's largest nickel-smelting and refining complex, the picket-line bonfires burned bright. But only two hours after 18,000 workers began a strike at Inco Ltd., more than bonfires were burning. First, a large construction trailer at the smelter was set ablaze. Then, telephone poles outside the copper refinery burst into flames. Finally, a large, old wooden cooling stack was engulfed in the inferno, shooting embers 30 m into the sky. The glow could be seen kilometers away, where it looked as if Inco's massive Copper Cliff complex were on fire. Once again, the workers of Inco were at the guts.

To many observers the move by Inco's employees looked like a suicide strike. For one thing, the company had reported a whopping \$40-million loss in 1981. For another, the company was still recovering from the \$10-month strike of 1979-79. But hardhats, the Inco workers say, they most definitely are not. Several union stewards charged that the company was not presenting an accurate picture of its financial position. Inco's latest offer was intended simply to test the membership's resolve, and it was an insult, they added. Not surprisingly, the workers rejected the offer by a 75-per-cent vote.

A major reason for the rejection was the workers' belief that the issues on the company's ledger were largely bluff. "Inco has never lost money in its Sudbury operations," says Ron MacDonald, president of Local 6500 of the United Steelworkers of America. "These losses were the result of bad

management decisions overseas." Inco's vice-president of employee relations, William Cornell, dismisses that argument. "In recent months our Ontario division has shown a net cash-flow deficit. We've got a lot of problems in the company, and going on strike won't help solve them one damn bit." What particularly angered the Sudbury work force was that just five months ago Inco signed an agreement with its Thompson, Minn., workers worth about \$5 an hour over three years. Complaints MacDonald. "Now they've offered us less than half that."



but we're the same union working for the same company, doing exactly the same work." Citing take-aways in the areas of dental plans and cost-of-living provisions, MacDonald dubbed Inco's promise the offer a "term agreement."

For his part, Cornell maintains that Inco's sales have doubled steadily since the Thompson agreement last December. "We can't afford that agreement now, and I should never have signed it," he says. Not only that, but Inco's management estimates that the rejected contract would be worth about \$4 an hour by the end of the third year.

The overwhelming union rejection of the offer constituted a "pull" of the company's price band. But nickel industry observers believe that Inco may be holding stronger cards than the union has guessed. First, there is the \$2,500-ton inventory of unoxid nickel. While far smaller than the stockpile during the workers at the start of the 1978 strike, the inventory should last the company up to six months, according to Toronto nickel analyst, Louis Marinos. At the same time Marinos estimates that Inco can cut about \$4 million a week on wages alone while the Sudbury union is on the picket lines.

Despite the economic advantages to the company, Cornell steadfastly maintains that Inco did not want a strike and that the rejected offer was fair considering the dismal economic climate. But the union remains unconvinced.

Bulding and bespectacled, the 50-year-old MacDonald makes an unlikely militant and is a Sudbury style man, comfortable with that of Dave Peterson, the tough-talking miner who led the last Inco strike and who was subsequently elected Ontario's federal-province minister. Long regarded as a moderate in local union politics, MacDonald has made confident forecasts that an agreement could be reached without a strike. But in the past two weeks he suddenly revealed a capacity for Inco-bashing that rivaled even that of his predecessor.

While the strike continues, the Sudbury business community is caught in a no man's land. Some are better than the union chase to strike, but last week Mayor Maurice Lamontagne urged them to stop grumbling and support the strike.

Ron MacDonald has no doubt where the blame for the strike should be placed. "Inco doesn't give a damn for our members and they don't give a damn for the Sudbury district," MacDonald reflects the mood of grim determination among the men on the picket line. Many say they are ready to go to jail, if necessary, to win a good agreement. If the company loses the strike during the winter, the involvement of the first picket-line night in Copper Cliff may well be repeated. ☐

SPORTS

Young Blue Jays test their wings

By Hal Quinn

Sport and life draw fine lines between tragedy and comedy that are rarely crossed successfully. In their fledgling years the Toronto Blue Jays needed in the tragic realm as they struggled, bumbled into each other, dropped two firsts, booted granders without prejudice and struck out in crucial situations. Through it all the Jays never struck the collective funny bone of their fans as had the equally incompetent New York Mets in their previous first steps. No, the Blue Jays were terrible without humor, their stark and hopeless look hospitable only to starting teams.

In their sixth year the Jays have seemed to respectability. In fact, last week they won five out of six games against two of the perennially top teams in the American League, the Baltimore Orioles and the mighty New York Yankees. Tragedies now are one-run, not 10-run, losses, and their opponents aren't laughing anymore.

Expansion teams in any game are peopled by would-be has-beens, and the Jays were no exception. After venturing back to cold winds and double taxation wasn't attractive to everyone. Jay McLaughlin, a native of Tulsa, Okla., rejected his reaction to being traded to Toronto in 1975. "I was with the Braves [Atlanta], and we were the 34th-worst team," McLaughlin said last week. "I loved it. We traded and, well, only 36 teams in baseball, I figured I had to be moving up. But, no, I was going down. Man, I missed it!" But the rest of his teammates, McLaughlin says, "I'm glad I'm here now."

Much of the joy of being a 1982 Jay can be credited to their new manager, Bobby Cox. Says pitcher Jim Clancy, a big troublemaker who is again showing signs of stardom: "We finally have a manager who knows baseball! He's ready to thrash anyone on the field and making decisions that we respect. That's great as a lot of confidence."

Cox's major decision has been to platoon players, primarily at four positions to ensure that he has right-handed hitters facing left-handed pitchers, and vice versa. The results have been nothing short of remarkable. For most of the season outfielder Barry Bonnell has had the league's best batting average (.274) week's end, and five players are hitting over the 300 benchmark. One is infielder Gertie King (.319), a career player



Clancy: 'Other teams aren't as excited about our coming to town'

who couldn't be happier being platooned. "Everybody in the majors wants to play every day," King said last week just before getting two hits off New York ace Tommy John. "But now, if a lefty is up, I know I'm platoon and it sure doesn't hurt to face the new type of pitcher all the time. You can't knock something that's working."

If the Jays are not yet contenders and cannot yet compete with the Montreal Expos for national celebrity, they do have the nucleus in place. As their

youngsters have matured, they have blossomed. Damon Garcia, 25, in his third year has developed into one of baseball's premier second basemen. Almost every day Garcia puts off stunning defensive plays as well, as of last week, he was hitting .300 with 35 runs batted in. "We are young and it has taken us time to gain confidence," says Garcia. "But now other teams aren't as excited about our coming to town. You

can sense that they are starting to respect us." Also gaining respect around the league is first baseman Willie Upshaw. The 25-year-old won the job from veteran power hitter John Mayberry in spring training. Now security on of Mayberry's slouch after Mayberry was traded to New York, Upshaw is hitting .321 with three home runs and 22 RBIs.

But the heat and seed of any club is its pitching staff. The Jays' ace, Dave Stieb, 30, has lost some of the game's most coveted youngsters. "The problem now with expansion is that players want the majors at an earlier age," Jays pitching coach Al Weintraub says somewhat sadly. "It turns the majors into an institutional league. We're finally getting some pitching, not just trying to blow the bell post hitters. You can get away with that in the minors, but not up here." The Jays staff has not down as number of bases on balls, and no lead could afford before the Yankees or four hits. "We're not getting a lot of hitters," Weintraub says. "It makes such a difference."

Weintraub adds, "When you get behind in the count, you pitch defensively. That year we're going out and pitching aggressively."

Jays management admits that the team is still a starting pitcher, reliever and home-run-hitting left-hander away from contention in the tough Eastern Division of the American League. In the meantime, with more runs being scored and fewer losses allowed, nobody's laughing and many more are sending ☐



LABOR

The beginning of the end of public-servant strikes?

By Carol Bruman

For Canada's 66,000 unionized public servants—already among the people Canada has most love to hate—last week brought a double dose of bad news. On Monday the new justice of the Supreme Court ruled unanimously that Ottawa has the power to deprive air traffic controllers of the right to walk off the job in contract disputes, an unprecedented decision that organized labor predicts will undermine the right to strike by other federal workers. But even as union leaders were scrambling to decipher the court's judgment, the Quebec government was moving unilaterally to make sure that it, too, could keep public-sector workers on a short leash. Primarily prompted by the five Montreal transit strikes in the past eight years, the province intends to pass a bill later this month that will restrict unions to maintain essential services in every strike affecting health and social services. What's more, the bill will allow Quebec City to designate essential workers in virtually all other provincially funded areas.

While the two nations were only the

latest round in a decade-long dispute over the right to strike of public-sector workers, the potential ramifications are enormous. Public-service labor leaders believe the actions may well weaken their unions. Without the right to walk off the job, says Bill Robertson, president of the Canadian Air Traffic Controllers Association (CATCA), the only leverage these unions have left is "to lobby so much as we can." He adds that the judgment has tipped the scale in the government's favor.

But Don Johnston, president of the Treasury Board, Ottawa's bargaining agency, strongly disagrees. And although he refuses to predict what can be made of the ruling, he makes it clear that the government has believed all along that it should decide which employees should be considered essential. "I don't think the public should be held hostage by unions that have no other power," Johnston says. "In the case of the air traffic controllers, clearly their bargaining power has eroded. I don't think that will affect the way we bargain with them."

In the 25 years since Lester Pearson's government gave federal employees the

PSAC picketing, a Supreme Court decision may undermine public-service unions' right to strike.

right to bargain collectively, an entire group of workers has been permanently stripped of the right to strike. Some striking groups, such as the Canadian Union of Postal Workers, whose members were ordered back to work in 1978 by Parliament, have been deemed absolutely essential by emergency legislation. Postal workers, now employees of a Crown corporation, are guaranteed the right to strike under the Canada Labor Code. In one day they too could be denied the right to that power, warns Gordon McCallum, editor of *The Labour Source* monthly newsletter, if Parliament adopts the Treasury Board's tough stance and decides to remove the labor code, which seems unlikely at the moment.

With the help of the independent Public Service Staff Relations Board as arbitrator, the Treasury Board and union officials have tried in the past to hammer out where jobs are essential to the safety and security of the Canadian public. That in a truly business, since no union wants to have its bargaining power usurped. To date, aside from ATCA air traffic controllers, a wide range of groups in the Public Service Alliance of Canada (PSAC) and the Professional Institute of the Public Service of Canada (PIPSA)—including firefighters, nurses, data processors, prison guards and waste inspectors—has been designated essential. And Johnston has

been criticized for going overboard in trying to rid the country of strikes that threaten to cause economic chaos. Jack Donaghy, president of PIPS, cites a recent bill by the Treasury Board to declare 1,800 nurses essential. "If that's not a farce, I don't know what is," he says, pointing to the fact that 150 of the supposedly essential positions have been vacant for more than two years.

Because of their fears, both PISA and PSAC joined the air traffic controllers in their appeal to the Supreme Court after a lower court ruled the Public Service Staff Relations Board did not have the final say in setting the number of employees to be designated essential. The dispute began when the board designated 272 controllers and 151 aircrews—enough, it said, to handle many customs and security tasks. But the labor board was overruled when the Supreme Court decided that Ottawa should have the right to maintain business as usual at Canadian airports, regardless of the controllers' contract disputes. The Supreme Court decision in that case was a critical blow to the board, which Pierre Berman, president of PSAC, says has now been reduced to "a rubber stamp for the government."

John Finkelman, former head of the board, "It would have been worse for the change of policy to have been debated in Parliament." He predicts that the ruling will put a strain on already tense employee-employer relations.

Government and worker relations in Quebec are severely strained already. Although under Bill 72 public-sector workers will still be allowed to strike, work stoppages will be restricted by an independent committee of essential services—consisting of union, management and public representatives. A committee will ensure that prolonged contract wrangles won't sabotage day-to-day operations, including garbage collection, public transportation and hospital services. To make matters worse, the bill was introduced two weeks after Prime Minister Jean-Pierre Parizeau presented his budget, adding \$2.5 billion in wage increases to be financed in contracts signed before the bill's passage.

It remains to be seen whether or not the federal and Quebec governments will use their powers extensively to put an end to inessential strikes. Ottawa's Treasury Board spokesman Georges Gosselin says not all public servants are 100 per cent of public services being designated. Nevertheless, CATCA's Robertson is not so confident. "There's a lot of fear that the hammer is going to come down pretty hard on public services."

Will talk from Julie Van Gundy in Ottawa and Anne Rowan in Montreal.

PRESS

Battling over tidbits

It is almost a test of journalism that frustrated bureaucrats and political aides will look information to promote policy changes when government spokesmen are sagging. That steady flow of tidbits to the media, in turn, usually strengthens ire and paranoia in political bosses who want to find the culprit and plug the leaks. This traditional cycle was dramatically altered over the past few months, however, when aides in the Prime Minister's Office (PMO) made unprecedented attempts to coax journalists to reveal their sources or give "equal time" for replies to critical articles. The attempts have generated open warfare between the PMO and two of the most powerful news bureaus in the country, the Toronto Star and the 11-newspaper Southern News. They have also reopened longstanding questions about the flow of information—of unidentified sources. And most

Aides in the Prime Minister's Office have made unprecedented moves to coax journalists to reveal sources

important, they illustrate the extent of Liberal panic in the face of their plummeting standings in the polls.

The conflict between the PMO and Southern erupted in the fall when the news service released a package of articles that examined the Liberal government's record on election promises. The series was tough—and widely published. Within two weeks, many political commentators, aside Jeff Goodman, telephoned Southern General Manager Nick Hills to ask if the service would run a lengthy reply from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's principal secretary, Tom Awerweth. Goodman admitted that the stories were accurate but he insisted that many examples of Liberal good deeds were omitted. When Hills countered that Trudeau should have written the article, the PMO quickly asked for the reply.

Then, two weeks ago, the energy department called in the RCMP to uncover the source of another Southern story. "When a government starts to shirk, there are leaks all over the place, but at least in the past year had people in the PMO who knew that the worse you heard, the worse things became," charges

Hills. "If they want to start leaking and complaining now, they'll get it back with both barrels."

The confrontations with the Star began when a media press officer persistently asked a reporter to name her source and then complained that another article about Trudeau's expense accounts was unfair. Then Goodman asked a rival Star reporter to establish that the reporter's next source was bona fide. Since Awerweth had prodded Goodman into chase-fuile fury, Star Bureau Chief Bill Pax finally told Awerweth, "It's a war." And a furious Awerweth said, "There's a huge mistake in there," says Fox.

For his part, Awerweth maintains that he did not want to know the names of the sources. He says that he simply wanted to ensure that "two sources" were actually in the room, since the leaks had provided news from the finance and energy departments. Everyone in the PMO was under suspicion—and everyone suspected everyone else. "I have always thought that the use of unidentified sources is a reprehensible practice—it's terribly open to abuse," says Awerweth. "I thought this was the best way of dealing with it and I'm really sorry that it seems to have made such a big deal out of it." Awerweth says that he and his colleagues are not sure if the sources are worth the risk and reporters don't have the complete story, who police reporters? "I'll take guidance on how you deal with this."

The feuds mirror in Awerweth's legalistic decision in that he told the PMO to police reporters. Journalists have countered that the government should move more about the economy and less about its image. Non-credentialed news journalists worry about the practice of using unnamed sources who might have an axe to grind. If all these traditional sources are eliminated, then dissidents within government might not release valuable criticism of the government. About the incidents illustrate the current government mood. "The idea that a press secretary is actually trying to find sources is unprecedented," marvels Carleton University journalism professor Anthony Westin, an 18-year veteran of Parliament Hill reporting. "The task is to explain the press to the prime minister and to explain the prime minister to the press, and any press secretary who knows the job will not criticize or make an enemy of either side."

—MARY JARVIS in Ottawa.

CANADIAN ROCK ROLLS SOUTH

By Thomas Hopkins

The stage in Saginaw, Michigan's hockey arena is a throbbing, writhing black box. Circling over it the massive haze is a howling ring of light pots, laser machines and hooded squaws of amplifiers. Almost dwarfed by the technology, Loverboy's Mike Reme sings like a mauling char-

ming it at home, and especially abroad. Says David Farrell, editor of the music trade publication *The Record* in Toronto: "It's a Canadian invasion."

Leader of the current onslaught on the United States is Vancouver's saucy five-man Loverboy, who recently won an unprecedented six awards at the Canadian music video Awards. Close behind is the grinding, towering rock of Toronto

suddenly acquired fame include hard-core 20-year-old Bryan Adams, managed out of Vancouver by music kingmaker Bruce Aikins, and personable songwriter Eddie Schwartz, whose penning *Mr. Wolf* Tour Just Show was a major hit in the United States for torch-rocker Pat Benatar. Indeed, Canadian newcomers are so hot that the debut rock albums by Montreal studio guitarist Aldo Nova has already followed Loverboy into the Top 10 of the North American record charts.

The sheer number of records sold by Canadian rockers, especially in the United States, has been dazzling. At one point earlier this year, no fewer than 11 Canadian albums were lodged in the Top 50 of *Rolling Stone*'s authoritative rock music charts. Bold rankings translate into sales, and, although Canadian rockers have been healthy (some seven million sold here last year), American record buyers have been even more eager, snapping up more than seven million records by Canadian rock bands in the past 12 months. The sales are particularly striking in a dismal year for the U.S. industry, which saw record purchases in all classifications tumble from 104 million in 1977 to 41.8 million last year. American radio programmers

and consultants, the kingpin whose ears and instincts decide what gets on the air from Des Moines to San Diego, are delighted with the fresh breeze from the north. "I'm really thankful they're around," says John Sebastian of Phoenix-based consultants Sebastian, Casey and Associates Inc. "If we just had American and British music to play right now I'd be concerned we didn't have the best possible music on the air."

Soaking the parched air at the summit of pop sales along with Canada's surprising rockers are scrvy offshoots Bob and Doug McKinnon. Their album, *The Great White North*, is on its way to



Loverboy's pop success fuel is the undercurrent story of the year

power trio Rush. Their young, jeans-jacketed male followers make them the only group in the world to earn three U.S. platinum records (one million records sold) last year. Snapping at their heels in Toronto's brassy veterans band Triumph, currently recording a successor to their 1981 hit album, *Adrenal Force*. From Vancouver, Chilliwack, known in the 1960s as The Collectors, resurfaced to hit big with the single *My Girl* (Rise, Give, Come) and in Montreal, April Wine, after a decade of Canadian star status, finally slipped across the U.S. border last fall with their platinum album, *Wishes of the Heart*.

The newer, younger faces that have

For the mid-American poppets standing on their chairs, the members of Loverboy are tonight's rock 'n' roll heroes. Their records, *Turn Me Loose* or *The Kiss Is Just Toast*, spill out of car radios in central Michigan with the regular use of a microphone. Ironically, many don't realize Loverboy is Canadian or that much of the good mainstream North American rock they have been hearing and buying in the past year is being made north of the border. In fact, after a decade of head-bumping, Canadian rock musicians are riding a wave of pop success that has become the entertainment story of the year. As well as enjoying sizable sales at home, Canadian rock has crossed over the 95th parallel and into the demoralized, recession-dampened U.S. music scene. Such groups as The Guess Who and Backlash-Turner Overdrive have already stormed the United States, but the past year saw an unprecedented concentration of Canadian rock bands

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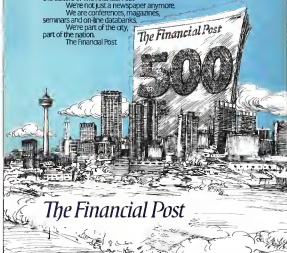
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musician's vision in yards of false fur and electronic "house entertainment" gimmickery. Jagged hazards will be less of a problem. The house brigade, being generally older, is notably restrained about drugs. "I want to be around in live music circles like anybody else," says Kean, looking more like a fraternity pledge than a seasoned rocker. Elaborate contract riders specify precise quantities of health food, milk or Gatorade before every concert. Each stop will become a five-day mini-city for the band. Levine will be housed, enough power consumed to light a small town (Canadian tour costs are defrayed by a \$1-million sponsorship arrangement with Nissan-Datsun.) Security systems are installed with multimillion-dollar badges that would not be out of place in NSA headquarters. Even groups, those mixed delights of an earlier generation of rock musicians, are screened from the sites by layers of futuristaries. Unlike the cheerful anarchy of the 1960s, the efficiency of 1980s rock is dazzling.

But for those who persist, the rewards are plentiful. Fronted by a \$300,000 stage show, singer Gaddy Lee's costuming, falsetto and wavy Star Trek lyrics, Rush has won a decade of endless tours and the money management of 30-year-old kid school boys. "I'd like to be like Ray Dandale to create a lucrative rock empire (Bob and Dave are on the Rush record label Atlantic-Cosmantic)," he says.

Wilson outgrew his house in the early 1970s to give the band a grabstake when no record company would sign it. He recently cashed in his percentage of the organization in favor of a protest tour visiting Belgian hares in Scotland, Ont., north of Toronto. Reported return on the artist's investment: \$15 million. But the other examples of the new no-name stars, Rush aggressively downplay its stardom. In the studio it neither records nor smart to avoid the role of pop star. "People [say], 'Look, this is a job for us. These guys still take out their own garbage. Not one of them has a servant.'"

The rock 'n' roll crapshot paid off for Levine only recently. None of them owns a house yet, and although he has his eye on a \$40,000 Mazda, Bono still

pothers around Vancouver in a white Buick. These donors during talk of his net worth but takes elaborate care to add he knows exactly what the figure is—to the penny. Buried by a string of managers, Canada's aging rockers trust their money to no one. Doug, for example, employs a clutch of four lawyers, two accountants and a bookkeeper to watch his balance sheets. Similarly, Toronto's Triumph celebrated its breakout into the United States last year by shelling \$300,000 into a new 50-track recording studio, The Metawork, in Mar-

pleson in the city an album."

As well, Canadian talent may be drying up. Says Allen: "The West Coast scene is pretty well picked over now. There's not much of any significance left that doesn't have a second deal." Others warn that the knock of banners at the top of the American charts is only pleasant coincidence and that tougher times are ahead. "It's like the Jupiter Effect," cautions John Partridge of Toronto's *Joan Commission*. "What they all line up at once, people get all excited and start talking about it."

The talk will continue, and inevitably some of it will be negative. It is a certainty that international Triumph's vehicle Mike Levine, because, in his view, it comes from critics who are out of touch. "There's a whole new generation of fans out there who want to hear rock that isn't 15 years old. Ask the kids."

In Saguenay, the kids look as if they have walked straight from French class. Unlike the liposom of Rush and Triumph, followers with their jean jackets, blouson égarés and black T-shirts. Loverley's fans sport Pariah Pavotti flip hairdos and white Nike basketball shoes. There is an earthy breath of marijuana there, just apple-and-ripe of Coca-Cola and stiff, new blue jeans slung as pipe cleaners. "I like their lyrics," explains Gloria Doolittle, 15. "The music is softer than hard rock," yells Lisa Hemmery, 17. "They don't just spit out these words."

Outrage, Loverley is counseling the atoms of rock, slipping through a 1½-hour show as tight and orchestrated as a James Brown revue, and several times as loud. Hands slap, bass twirl. Paul Dyer, manager and attorney in a Starkey Kewell's sweat shirt, runs a red guitar on black leather pants. Port breaks flares against heavy hammers, and Bono's sweat drips like an offering onto outstretched hands. Afterward, in the bar, the 16-year-old spring, fat Steve-Jeanne agrees it was a good show. "Worth the 10 bucks." In a message age, good value from Canada is as good a return as anything can be.

Will John Warner in Vancouver: Rush Brown and Nicholas Zeman in Toronto.

FOR THE RECORD

The lessons of Africa



Swain: magical tempo into Afro rhythms

URBAN BUSINESS
The Art Ensemble of Chicago
(ECM/WEA)

THE GREAT PRETENDER
Lester Bowie
(ECM/WEA)

During the 1960s, John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman began exploring African rhythms, establishing an almost venerable tradition for avant-garde improvisers. The rapid decline into the funky sludge of fusion may have given such quests for Afro rhythms a bad name in the past decade. But one group has persisted in making magical—if ultimately disappointing—leaps into the dark. For 15 years, The Art Ensemble of Chicago (AEC) has been smashing together ritual rhythms, rock-pop parodies and free-jazz raves into a volatile amalgam. Unfortunately, the mixture has never quite exploded but only lurched up here and there. Recorded in Munich, this double concert package, *Urban Business*, is a compact introduction to the five-man group's potent experiments, without, alas, any fresh discovery. A few of drummer Fumiko Den Bogie's set pieces drive the music to shattering abandon, but too seldom to repay the listener's struggle with Urban

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Bushnell's overall sense of verve, and trumpet Lester Bowie offers much more immediate satisfaction with the prankish 35-minute title track of his solo album, *The Great Pretender*. It is a fantasy of raucousness and noise, like a mad-grand 1950s rock ballad, left in a sea of his blue suede shoes and leave its ridiculous piano triplets flapping in the air. Bowie lays on a hilariously extended introduction, touches the band into a lovingly lewd excursion featuring the grooves of singer Pettella Ross and denouing the number into a series of hot, blustering solos. By the end, Bowie has piled up a curious rock-jazz monument. In a didactic mood, he finishes off the first side with a brief trawling of 20's Hedy Gandy Time and an intense blurring session that collapses into Kate Smith's signature tune, *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*. Apart from Bowie's full solo on *Miss Norman*, side 2 contains strident stuff. Still, the opener is *The Great Pretender*'s great stroke and it makes the album a silly wonder.



Leitch, competence without richness

SOMETHING IN ANOTHER LIFE
Peter Leitch and George McFetridge
(Pete Leitch)

Duet albums are the precious stones of jazz. They can offer a relaxed intimacy as well as an opportunity for the players to duette. Two respected Toronto jazz figures, guitarist Peter Leitch and pianist George McFetridge, offer competence but no richness in *Something in Another Life*. Of the six tracks, five are loose-limbed originals, the stronger structures of standard tunes would have better served the duo. The problems arise because McFetridge's playing is stiff, and Leitch has not yet attained a style supple enough to sustain a long solo. The result is rather speedily music, with strings of pretty ideas taping off long before they are developed. These two musicians never become intimate. Instead, they just sound lonely. —BART THYTA



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MEDICINE

An insidious killer of the elderly

By Margaret Cannon

Phyllis and Quentin Forsythe are the sort of people who helped build Canada—though pursue Scots with drive and dreams. In the Kootenays of B.C., they raised four children, owned two draglines and planned an ideal retirement for 1962. But 14 years ago, when Quentin was a hale and athletic 53, the dreams collapsed. "It looks like mud splattered on the world," he said of his mysterious, encroaching blindness. While specialists tried to save his sight, other disturbing symptoms developed—loss of memory, impaired judgment and inability to learn new things. After seven years a diagnosis finally came—Alzheimer's Disease. Today, in the year when the golden retirement should have begun, Phyllis Forsythe lives alone in a Vancouver apartment. At a local nursing home she visits daily with the shadow of the man she married 40 years ago. "Last week he seemed to recognize my voice three times," she says wistfully. "I think he knows I'm someone kind. It's gone half."

That hell affects more than 300,000 Canadians and is the fourth-ranked cause of death among people older than 65. Once believed to be a tragic and inevitable consequence of aging, Alzheimer's is a degenerative disease attacking the centres of the brain used for memory, learning and reason. Neither cause nor cure has been found, and aside from drugs to relieve restlessness and convulsions, no treatment exists but constant nursing care. Doctors do know, however, that Alzheimer's can begin its insidious course as early as age 45, can take as long as 20 years to tell an individual what he or she is losing and is now well for an estimated 11 per cent of the population. As Canada's population ages due to increased longevity and the greying of the baby-boom generation, Alzheimer's cases will dramatically increase. Dr. Arthur Dallas, president of the Alzheimer Society, warns that existing care facilities will be swamped with victims as early as 1990.

In some parts of the country the pre-dementia has already become a reality. Says Dr. D. B. Gruper McLachlan, University of Toronto neurologist

and physiatrist and longtime Alzheimer's researcher: "There is now an adequate care system for Alzheimer's patients, and our governments have not responded to the problem." Families in Vancouver and Toronto report waits as long as two years for nursing homes. What's more, institutions will not take patients who are violent, incontinent, unable to eat or swallow and who require constant surveillance to prevent them from wandering. As families wait, the problems worsen. "We see a lot of heart attacks and strokes among the family care group," says Phyllis Forsythe, now president of the Alzheimer's Support Association of B.C. and the Yukon. The price of desperation can be even higher. In San Antonio, Texas, a 60-year-old brother of an Alzheimer's patient walked into the hospital and shot him, saying simply, "He's suffering long enough."

While families agonize, laboratories across North America are being mobilized in search of the elusive cause. Dr. Wilfrid Hall of the University of Western Ontario has received the second-largest Alzheimer's research grant in North America—\$1.3 million, primarily from the U.S. National Institutes of Health—for a three-year study of why and how brain cells die. "Our project is unique," says Hall, "because we will study the clinical course of the disease in living patients and then have autopsy follow-up after death. There have been excellent studies in both these areas.

The Forsythes: no golden retirement



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but we're the first to combine them," Bell, along with a team of radiologists, neurologists, pharmacologists and pathologists, will examine in minute detail all aspects of the brain in the hope of finding one or several related causes of cell deterioration.

Other researchers are looking at possible environmental causes. McLachlan has found one possible clue—high levels of aluminum in the brains of Alzheimer's patients. While emphasizing that his find is no surefire cure, he is planning a three-year clinical trial of his process of removing aluminum from the body and keeping it from reaching the brain. That that will be no easy task. Aluminum is found virtually everywhere—in street dust, in many foods, cookware, and even in drinking water. And McLachlan cautions one other

As families agonize, laboratories across North America are being mobilized in search of the elusive cure

family fear—heredity. "This is a disease that affects only humans," he says. "We all have it in our genes."

Another piece of the Alzheimer's puzzle may emerge in Montreal. At the Douglas Hospital Research Center, Dr. Pierre Bédard and Dolly Duceau are scrutinizing a hormone—somatostatin—which appears to decrease in the brains of Alzheimer's patients. Bédard,

a biological psychiatrist, and psychologist Duceau have already tested one promising substance—leucine—"without very profitable results"—and, as part of a World Health Organization project begun in Munich, will study Alzheimer's patients in Canada, Italy, and Nigeria.

Like other Alzheimer's specialists who see the devastation firsthand, Duceau is a strong advocate of improved patient care and family support services now. The Alzheimer Society is leading the fight for alternatives to hospital care, including day beds in hospitals, family relief and more and better institutional care. At its convention in Ottawa in April, the society tackled one of the most difficult problems most families face—legal limbo and loss of assets. If a patient becomes violent in a nursing home, explains Ottawa president of the Alzheimer Society, Madeline Himech, he is sent to a psychiatric hospital. Once a patient is diagnosed as incompetent in a personal instruction, by law, the psychiatrist must inform the public trustee, who then demands the immediate handing over of all assets, including joint accounts. Because the trustee has no obligation to the family with the patient, Dr. Himech recommends that spouses have accounts in their own names and that families arrange for transfer of businesses and houses long in advance of hospitalization. "Sometimes it's better for people to divorce," she says grimly.

For Philip Parosky, who has had her battles with the H.C. public trustee and has fought the nursing-home wars, the prebarricaded wall continues. She no longer hopes for taxes or experts or miracle. "I know Quentin and peers ago and there's nothing left but the shell," she says. "Heath, when it finally comes, will be a friend to us both."

Bell, probing how brain cells die



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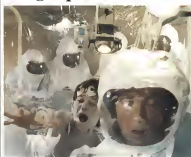
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FILMS

Benign space invader



Thomas surrounded by intrusive adults: Spielberg's first drippy Disney movie

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL
Directed by Steven Spielberg

Steven Spielberg has made his first Disney movie with E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial, the soft-centered story of a boy named Elliott (Henry Thomas) whose friends as alien left behind on Earth. The movie endures in the kind of sweet sentimentalism usually associated with bad children's films. The E.T. himself resembles Yoda (from The Empire Strikes Back) squashed by a steamroller and waddles about like a pouterfish, as the quiet boy voices in a series of discreet hints before he learns the language. We don't actually have much curiosity about this creature because we're told over and over he's a little kid of goodness. When Elliott's sister, Gertie (Drew Barrymore), dresses him up in a wig, hat and shoes, or when the E.T. gets drunk on Coors beer while the children are at school, he's unbearably cute. Spielberg's notion of an outer-space population seems to involve a gigantic Ruggie colony.

Elliott's initial encounter with the E.T. lacks the sudden terror and confusion that might be expected of a 10-year-old and an unknown entity going bump in the night. Had the sequence contained those qualities, it would have seemed to de-thrify the creature instead of merely acting as a device to get the plot pumping. We would feel our

ears for the boy and be intrigued by the strange visitor. But Spielberg is hooked on the big emotions of crying and sharing between the boy and the beastie, and establishes them too quickly.

Spielberg hasn't thought out his movie too logically, nor is he clear about what he wants the E.T. to be in scientific terms. Why, if the E.T. has the power to regenerate and levitate, doesn't he do it automatically when the creature calls for it? Why does he die and then miraculously regenerate himself? And why, if he and Elliott share each other's thoughts and feelings (quite literally), does communication break down between them? As a science-fiction creation, the E.T. is pretty flimsy—an accommodation to the whims of the wispy plot.

To lead this same plot more boldly, Elliott's huddling and shattering of the E.T. is sometimes crossed with scenes of men prevailing around. They know the E.T. has been left behind by the spaceship and they're obviously up to something. We don't see their faces or hear their voices, and the effect builds. Instead of creating suspense, the men become arriving, because we know they will turn out to be government scientists or some such thing. These adults are never a real threat, although they are the worst kind of hero.

E.T. is probably the most overrated movie Spielberg has ever directed. It

does contain his resources in the finale with an exciting chase and a suspenseful sequence in which boys on bicycles fly through the air. The real, with John Williams' music swelling in the background and the lights from the spaceship playing whopper, would have been much more moving if the relationship between Elliott and the E.T. had moved, very subtly, from distrust and fear to understanding.

E.T. isn't a terrible movie by any stretch of the imagination and it will probably be a megahit, the problem is, it doesn't have the same stretch of imagination that Spielberg brought to Close Encounters of the Third Kind or the recent Poltergeist. The idea behind the film was so wonderful and plausible in Spielberg that he thought it could carry an entire movie. E.T. wears its heart—and its art—on its sleeve.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

Tribute from an adoring daughter

A WAR STORY

Directed by Anne Wheeler

As such films as Apocalypse Now have vividly demonstrated, war is a terrible. Now, with her National Film Board docu-drama, A War Story, Edmonton director Anne Wheeler serves back on proving it as well as well. But while 80 minutes of sociologically minded, redundant interviews and amateur narration may well capture the predicament mood in a Japanese prisoner of war camp, that is not enough

Elliott: the embosomed war's mystery



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to keep the spirits of a theatre audience from bogging down like troops in moonless mud.

This is a pity, because somewhere inside that ornate room is a fascinating story struggling to get out. In 1942 the 90,000-strong British-led garrison at Singapore surrendered to 30,000 Japanese and was made prisoner. Among the prisoners was the father of the film-maker, a young Canadian doctor named Ben Wheeler. Wheeler was sent to one of the harshest POW camps, a Formosan copper mine in which the inmates provided slave labor for the Axis war effort. There—in his daughter's film takes great pains to show—he became a hero for his Bethune-like dedication, picking up the health of the overworked prisoners despite a complete absence of proper medical facilities. Instead, he often performed operations without an anesthetic, making his incision with a razor blade while four strong men held the patient down. Yet despite such feats, time passed slowly in the camp one day into the another, and the war was a distant memory.

Unfortunately, *A War Story* embeds this monitory all too faithfully, thanks mainly to the use of Ben Wheeler's diaries as the narrative backbone. Kapt as a log for the benefit of his wife, the diaries are moving in places, but as the whole lack dramatic tension. Nor is their impact strengthened by narrator Donald Sutherland's droning—and at times nearly audible—delivery.

Director Wheeler also leans heavily on slowly snapshotted and home-movie footage, weaving them into a pastiche that includes Japanese and Allied newsreels, some spirited but overly long interviews with surviving POWs and dramatic re-enactments shot in black and white. These dramatic bits have all the fake poignancy of socialist realism. David Rintey, who portrays Wheeler, does not act as much as pose, tenderly cradling the head of a sick man or gazing (Cyril) like every a warily depressed and suffering group. Far from presenting a balanced picture, *A War Story* is an act of sedition, a consecration of false by diaries.

Only in the film's final minutes do we get to see the doctor's fort of clay. Although we have been told earlier that his efforts undermined his health, that fact does not sink in until Wheeler appears in some home-movie footage shot after the war. Suddenly the real man is before us: frail, nervous, almost pathetically human. For the first time it is possible to imagine not just his courage but his fears and weaknesses, too. Ben Wheeler died of war-related infections in 1946. Were he still alive, he would undoubtedly have a hard time recognizing himself in his daughter's idealized portrait.

—JOHN BRUNNEN

Light-years start boredom

STAR TREK: THE WRATH OF KHAN

Directed by Nicholas Meyer

In *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan* the current members through a standard revenge plot with all the energy of an elephant with a head cold. The special effects, which include some fake waterfalls of the sort found in impoverished restaurants, are surprisingly good. The use of stock footage of the Starship USS Enterprise in dry dock from the first *Star Trek* movie is painfully obvious, and the familiar cast of the intergalactic vessel goes through the motions with the greatest of ease. As clearly as it is contrived, *The Wrath of Khan* seems as long as a light-year.

William Shatner, who does manage the feat of appearing alive and has now been ranked up to Admiral Kirk, feels his age and minimizes his ship (Doc Khan) McCoy (DeForest Kelly) comicisms



None, so much for the Enterprise

with him over his newly developed Mauthausen complex. Meanwhile, as a deacon planted (far, far away, as they say), archvillain Khan is plotting vengeance for having been marooned there by Kirk. Why he was shrouded there, and what his crime was, is never made clear to those such who didn't catch the TV episode *Spectre of Evil*, on which the movie is based. Khan is played by a shaggy-haired Ricardo Montalban, who seems lost without his white suit. Pennings has and jar of Maxwell House Coffee. All hair and charming accent. Khan gets his paws on a new device, called Project Genesis, that transforms dead matter into life and vice versa, developed by Kirk's old lover (Gibi Deschi, who has lost his a greener-up use. This vision Kirk had once elder as he began to be battle with Mauthausen.

The Wrath of Khan is an hour

stretched into two and a TV image expanded to 30 min. Technically, nothing compares to the first movie, including James Horner's bad (but) score, which has replaced Jerry Goldsmith's music. Compared to some of the lagers in continuity, however, Horner is the new *Barbershop*. Douglas Trumbull's dancing special effects turned the first *Star Trek* movie into a big, glittering top. There were complaints at the time that the human element was missing, but in *The Wrath of Khan* that's practically all there is.

It's already common knowledge that

everyone's favorite Vulcan, Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy), dies three times out, doing a Pythian Canto to save the crew of the Enterprise. Spock had given Kirk an edition of *A Tale of Two Cities* for his birthday, and, very conveniently, Kirk uses Curran's "It is a far, far better thing that I do" speech as a eulogy. When they ship Spock's cat little ears along with the rest of his suit into the final frontier, the happyes play *Amazing Grace*. Amazing and grace are the last two things to come to mind where *The Wrath of Khan* is concerned.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

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BOOKS

Gritty antidotes to bucolic boredom

As a summer approaches it is time for sought-after attractions to lure their concrete wanderers and join the bumper-to-bumper exodus to Cottage Country. Rhiannon out on beer and bird chirps, Canadians look forward to two weeks of relaxation in unspoiled paradise. But after a few days in which the only excitement is the arrival of the afternoon loan, even the most cosmopolitan cottager is bound to feel a bit of nostalgia for the pace of the city. In a world in which everything is slowing, eating or growing, the best escape in the gritty urban world of thrillers, full of muscle and violence, wherein nature is thankfully relegated to a footnote.

First on an escapee's list should be the summer's best thriller, *The House* by Michael Chabon and Stewart, B.A. by Christopher Hyde. As was Hyde's first novel, *The House*, *House* is based on carefully researched fact. Hyde serves up an original, it-could-happen-to-you plot, focusing on an international conspiracy involving ghosts and computers. By the time Hyde finishes his descriptions of summer amid the fog, bush and blackflies of Northern Ontario and Labrador, the tourist authorities may want to draw and quarter him. Nevertheless, it's a delight to chase crooks across

one's home territory. Hyde's hero, journalist Peter Coffin, is a high-tech Captain Canada who researches his stories by computer, flies an airplane, isn't a sex machine and is occasionally less intelligent than the heroine. When the witty, literate and relentlessly urban Coffin is marooned in *Brandsburg*, Ontario and lady friend Georgia checks into a by-the-hour motel called *Luther's*.

The sex and violence of thrillers offer the perfect escape when all there is for excitement is the arrival of a loon

Summer Haven, and Coffin registers as Mrs and Mrs Dante. "Why Dante?" inquires Georgia. "Because we seem to be going from one circle of hell to the next," moans Coffin.

Fans who find Hyde a little slight in the fast and four-letter-word department should turn immediately to *The Sky Book* by Aaron, B.A. a sex-and-gore whodunit by Toronto's L.A. Meme. In May Meme was awarded the prestigious Edgar Award by the Mys-

tery Writers of America for his wildly funny first novel, *The Old Fish*. This sky send-up of the hard-boiled detective starred Jake Spenser, the world's oldest zombie, leading a host of grinning avengers called from L.A. rest homes. Rhiannon introduces Sam Hunter, a sleuth who "takes his women wild-eyed and willing, and his cases bit, bad and brutal." The setting is fictional L.A., home of the dangerous *pampamobile*, and the plot, like all hard-boiled detective stories, is a monthly play dealing with greed and the human condition. In this case Meme takes on the ends of porn and stuff films. As the bodies—alive and dead—drop, Hunter forges ahead, fortified with enough chili peppers to melt the Arctic, finding all vicious porn mechanics and smeared roughness with equal abandon. There is sex and/or violence on every 10th page, but it's all a romp. The coupling is schlockiest fantasy, the blood merely catnip, and the wit doesn't detract from the seriousness of the message. *The Sky Book* should be every canon of private eye from Raymond Chandler to Mickey Spillane. In a genre that is already a parody of macabre, Meme has done the near impossible. He has created a parody of the parody.

Francis Sam Hunter is the perfect



The lessons of modern war

By Allen Fotheringham

This is an optimistic column. I happen to think the Falkland Islands war is the greatest thing to happen to the world in a long time. The 10,000 British and 20,000 Argentine forces, fighting against Argentine generals and the jagged, the Fleet Street press, has turned into something very ugly, and it's inevitable. It's inevitable because it has got to be a push-back from the British. The Argentine message is to the front pages and the television screens. We can see the mangled British and it

the water at the speed of sound and demolished a \$20-million destroyer. It was a useful lesson for the British public. It is a useful lesson for all of us. There was a chilling description of the British technicians (they're all Indian) these days, not soldiers, looked in their control room, watching the missile approach on their radar screen and unable to do anything about it. This is a very interesting story. The Americans who've got several aircraft carriers can fire a Tomahawk cruise missile with a range of 450 km. Just 7 m long, it sits in its cradle in 2,500 km. The missile's



computer contains a preprogrammed road map to the target, but it can alter its route along the way to adjust to variations in the terrain. It costs \$3 million and can carry a nuclear warhead. It's high-tech warfare.

Russia's Kresta-class cruisers can launch cruise missiles more than 200 km from a target. Their nuclear-powered subs can fire up to 45 cruise missiles with a range of up to 450 km. Their naval air force now has missiles that travel 800 km at speeds two to three times faster than sound. What has shocked the British admirals is that the missiles that sank some of their smaller ships in fact were intended for the aircraft carriers Invincible and Hermes. There's the feeling that only the protective shield of some 150 vessels in the British armada has saved the carriers, the luxury liner Canberra and the Queen Elizabeth 2. President Reagan wants to spend \$250 billion to turn the U.S. Navy into the world's Great Gray Fleet. Retiring Admiral

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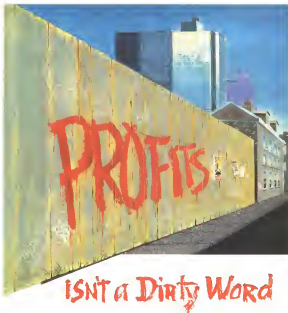
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Hymen Rickover, asked at a congressional hearing how long U.S. nuclear-powered carriers would last in a real war, answered, "About two days."

There is the central lesson of the arms race: the arms race is a losing game. The Europeans have brought out into the open. All haddy-haddy at the conference table, all making a book in death. The Super Standard fighter and the "venerable" Soviet missile that sank 1000 Sheffield were sold to Argentina by France—which supports Britain in the European Community against the Argentine aggression. The president of

Atropatene, the firm that holds the Soviet, in Gen. Jacques Mitterrand, brother of the Socialist president of France. The sinking of the Sheffield was hailed as a "victory for French electronics." Two Argentine submarines were made in West Germany. When the Brits began to falter, the United States shipped them more Stiletto cruise missiles. The Russians used their satellites to help the Argentine forces locate and sink the Sheffield—which would cost \$250 million to replace today, as opposed to the \$50 million it cost when built 10 years ago. The General Belgrano, which survived Pearl Harbor in 1941, was sold by the United States to Argentina in 1961 for \$75 million—and was destroyed by two British torpedoes costing some 14 per cent of that. Every dollar spent in the Falklands is a dollar down high-tech expenditure. The final price tag on this training-bra war may rank off the floundering British economy and destroy Argentina's peace.

So we have these industrial men at the top, not realizing the computer missiles are now coming back at them. It's why even the fire-breathing Time magazine ventures nervously with a cover story on THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE: RISING FEARS ABOUT NUCLEAR WAR. It's why the growing movement, led by the Canadian Jim Stoen, for a worldwide plebiscite on disarmament. It's why a growing number of Canadian cities are putting a question on disarmament on their civic ballots. The argument that nonnuclear bodies have no business discussing nuclear arms is amusing. As if death were not a nuclear option. If the leaders won't lead, the public must.



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